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# State Normal Magazine.

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## SUGGESTIONS FOR VACATION.

MRS. A. R. PHILLIPS,  
Teacher of Domestic Art in The State Normal and Industrial College.

The being an Industrial teacher has, perhaps, influenced my trend of thought. Whether or not that be so, the fact remains, it seems to me, that our girls are neglecting several lines of pleasant and profitable employment. In the pursuit of these, they may remain at home and make quite as good incomes as do those who go into the shop, the office or the schoolroom.

As all men are not "called" to teach, to preach, to plead at the bar, to heal the sick; so all women are not called to teach, to write Short-hand, to measure ribbons and laces, to make gowns and millinery, or even to take boarders. They can not all become experts in the few callings allotted to women in that great book of the "Unwritten Law." If they were all at the top of these necessary industries, would it be desirable? Do they not all confine the woman to the house, to the desk, to the counter? Do they not

distort her body? Do they not shut her in from the air and the sunshine? Do they not shut her out of the home, draw her away from the fireside, inflict ignorance of domestic life and of the thousand little homelike usages, the refining little social conventions so dear to the South?

Apart from the injury done to our young womanhood of to-day, we must without pessimism see danger to coming generations in the unwholesome living of future mothers.

So many women to-day are, of necessity, bread-winners that most of our schools and colleges for women have added the "Industrial" feature, if but in name as is true in too many places. This Industrial department has till very recently been confined to the teaching of Business Courses. Not only the institutions for general education have attached the Business Department, but Business Schools have sprung up all over the land and they are as crowded with women as with men. Never has there been so great a number of stenographers seeking employment as now. At the same time the call for these is louder than ever and the supply fails to meet the demand. This contradiction is due to the fact that the product of these short term schools is not competent. They can not in the little while for which they can afford to pay tuition attain both speed and accuracy—the essentials in stenography and typewriting.

Most of these do "get situations"—and often do not keep them—at salaries ranging from \$5 to \$25 per week. The larger salaries, however, must grow as the quality of the work demands. In places where the larger salaries are paid, the cost of living is in proportion, so that the woman who receives \$25 per week in a city of 50,000 persons has not a much larger bank account at the end of the year than her sister who receives \$5 per week in a place of 10,000 population. Neither can provide comfortably for the rainy days of illness and old age.

The stenographers average employment for 313 days in the year and are paid for that time—whether well or poorly depends

upon the quality of the work—but far more upon the sex of the worker. The same holds good of clerks in our shops. When we turn to our teacher, however, we find that she is passing rich with \$40 per month for eight months in the year; or with \$320 to live on through 365 days! Girls, can you live on that and appear as well kept as the mothers of your pupils? Are you respected by your patrons if you must be cheap in your dress, if you must live in second rate boarding houses, or if you must endure the hungry horrors of "light-housekeeping"? Can you influence your pupils for the higher life while your mind is on "the bargain counters" or longing for "special sales" of the thousand small necessities of your wardrobe? Those who have arrived at years of discretion will answer, "no." But the above generous salary is given only to Graded School teachers in our towns and cities. The Public school teachers in country districts are "hired" for "wages" of \$15 to \$30 per month for four months in the year, the "big wages" again depending upon the sex rather than upon good faith and the capacity to do valuable work.

Even poor stenographic or pedagogic work requires a semblance of preparation and there are girls each year leaving this college and every other school without this training. But even these in many homes must aid in the family bread-winning. What can these do with spare time and how can they become self-supporting, especially if living on a farm as so many do? There are many possibilities open to them, but in this paper we shall discuss but one—that of raising poultry.

Don't smile and dismiss the subject as disappointing after so long a preface. You will be impressed with its dignity as a calling if you will examine The Twelfth Census Report. You will see many pages devoted to the subject. If you will run down the column of statistics concerning the "Industry" of our homely workers, the hens, you will not say again that their noisy proclaiming is "much ado about nothing." Like all who accomplish, they know it and

are proud of it. With their aid, you may reap both health and shekels which do not often go hand in hand.

It need not frighten even you who have failed in Arithmetic to be told that the net income in 1900 from chickens and eggs in our country amounted to \$281,178,036; that is, that our hens gave us \$84,157,953 more than we received from tobacco, sugar, small fruits, orchard fruits, honey and wax all put together; that they are worth nearly two-thirds the value of milk, butter and cheese combined; that they produced only about \$43,580,135 less than the cotton crop which we are told is ever and always king. May we not with reasonable homage crown our old hen queen?

You who live in the country know that this money is earned—always with the hen's assistance(!) by the women and children on the farms. In some places, the work is carried on in a business-like way, but oftener the hens are merely permitted to scratch around and pick up a living, receiving no special care, except the daily gathering of eggs and when one of them becomes broody she is supplied with a good nest and "a setting;" then when at the end of three weeks she comes off with a proud clucking and numerous following, she is carefully housed and fed for a few days—then given all further responsibility of bringing up her family.

Now I wish to prove to you that any girl who is willing to give the subject thought and study and attend to the details with the same system and thoroughness which all successful work demands, can, from a small beginning, build up in a few months a business which can be made to yield an excellent income.

There are three lines from which she may choose her specialty: raising broilers and fryers, for market, producing eggs for market, or breeding fancy chickens for exhibition and high prices. Of course either one may include the others in some degree but it is well to decide which is to be your principal object, since each will require some special study and preparation. In any case it is best not to depend upon the common or mongrel stock for the improved breeds yield so much greater return for the same trouble

and care, quickly repaying one for the extra expense of beginning.

I happen to know personally one little girl thirteen years old, who one year ago last April persuaded her father to order for her two sittings of eggs of a popular and high priced variety. He paid \$10.00 for twenty-six eggs and felt that he had been guilty of an extravagance. From those eggs, she raised twenty-three strong, healthy chickens, fourteen of which were pullets and nine were cockerels. This spring she sold two of the cockerels for \$2.50 each and four of them for \$3.00 each. She kept all the rest with a dozen ordinary hens for which she had paid \$3.00 last summer when they were selling at 25 cents each. She had no incubator nor brooder so these common hens were expected to act in that capacity until she could make money sufficient to buy an outfit.

A letter received last month from her tells me that she has sold \$75.00 worth of eggs—besides having received \$17.00 for her six cockerels, and she has two hundred and fifty fine young chickens, ranging from a few days to four months old.

Her chief regret now is that living in town as she does, her back yard gives her no room to enlarge her plant and no opportunity to have grain and vegetables grown for her pets.

Of course this was not accomplished without study and constant attention to wearisome details, but what is? Her invalid father directed her studies on the subject, selecting such books and articles as would be of help to her, but insisting that she read and apply the information. Most of her reading and preparation had to be attended to in the long summer vacation, for she goes regularly to school.

I could cite several instances of the successful handling of chickens, ducks and turkeys, among my friends and neighbors, but for fear of wearying my readers, I shall confine myself to one more.

Two or three miles from a flourishing town in Georgia, is a big old house surrounded by a few acres of poor land. This belongs to a man who, like many others in the South, has never acquired

the art of money-making since everything but this old home was swept away from him forty years ago. He owned the place and it afforded a sort of shelter for his family, but he had made no repairs on it since the war, apparently, and it was in an advanced state of dilapidation. No window had two shutters, many, not one, very few had shades or curtains of any sort. The roof leaked all over but as there was an upper story the family managed to keep reasonably dry on the lower floor. The front veranda had long ago fallen to pieces and the front hall door led directly into the yard over two broken steps. Everything indicated abject poverty but was scrupulously clean and it made my heart ache to see it, for I knew the wife and daughters well and I knew the struggle and the sacrifice of every comfort the mother was making in the effort to give her girls an education.

My surprise may be imagined when, after an absence of a few months, I drove by the place one day last summer with a friend who lived near and saw a new roof, a broad new veranda, new shutters on all the windows, and fresh paint over all—to say nothing of wire fences and little houses and coops at the sides and rear. “Has Mrs. B. come into a fortune?” I asked my friend. She laughed and said: “She has done better than that, she has made a small one and in making it she has been a benefactor to her neighbors by supplying them with the freshest and best of berries, chickens and eggs.” Then she explained that a few years ago Mrs. B. had planted strawberries and raspberries in her garden and carefully cultivated them with her own hands and with such help as her husband could give. She found a ready market for them, getting better prices than others because they were so clean, so ripe, so carefully gathered and packed that the town people were glad to go or to send for them and wanted more than she could supply.

Then she bought a few common hens—because she could not spare the money to buy fine ones—borrowed an incubator from a friend, and added chickens and eggs to her berry industry. Well,

of course she succeeded—as such a woman is sure to do—and with that as a beginning she has accomplished what seemed to me a marvel when I saw the transformation in her home. Her three daughters have helped her a great deal, although they walk two or three miles to school. Her husband—though an old and feeble man—seems to have taken a new lease on life and renders valuable assistance in building and repairing the necessary sheds, fences, coops, etc., of what is rapidly becoming a large plant.

I must add one interesting item which is that she bought this spring from my little girl friend five sittings of eggs at \$3.00 per dozen from which she has hatched fifty-eight chicks and next year she expects to add the breeding of fancy chickens to what has been up to the present, strictly utility produce, and—as such—a great boon to her community.

I have given the experience of these two in detail to show what any girl of ordinary intelligence and systematic habits may accomplish with practically no capital in the beginning.

It is a commodity for which there is an unlimited demand. Consequently there is no danger of an over supply either in local or distant markets. Above all it is an occupation which can be successfully carried on at home, thus giving the mother and father and possibly little sisters and brothers the inestimable happiness and benefit of the grown daughter's presence in the family.

What those two have done, others can do. I would again advise small beginnings and a limited outlay till the science is mastered. That it is a science and one well worth the mastering any one who gives it careful consideration must admit.

I should have said that my little girl friend inserted an advertisement in a popular journal and had orders for several hundred eggs more than she could supply.

I have said nothing of raising turkeys and ducks, though both would be profitable under favorable conditions. Almost any conditions may be made favorable for chickens and I hope some of

our girls will make the experiment, even though they have had no special preparation.

There are excellent poultry journals to be had full of valuable information but it would be a great help to any beginner to visit other poultry yards and to learn all that she can from personal observation of professional methods besides reading everything valuable on the subject.



## ESSE QUAM VIDERI.

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MATTIE DALLAS WILLIAMS, '04.

Esse Quam Videri—Every North Carolinian recognises this as the motto of our State. It was selected by Chief Justice Walter Clark, who drew the bill, directing the motto to be placed on our Coat of Arms and Great Seal. This bill was introduced by Judge Jacob Battle, then Senator from Nash county, earnestly supported by Senator Brevard McDowell, of Mecklenburg county, and adopted by the Legislature of 1893. *62*

The motto first appears in Aeschylus; and in its Latin transliteration it appears in Burke's Peerage as the motto of three noble families of Great Britain. It has been recently discovered that it was John Calvin's motto also, and surely no man ever lived who was truer to its spirit. *57v*

"To be rather than to seem"—it is the preference of truth to falsehood. The thing that is, is not always the thing that seems; the thing that is is the truth, the thing that merely seems to be is a sham. This is the strength of Christianity, a religion that so emphasizes and exalts truth and is so terrible in its denunciation of a lie, that it could not be founded on falsehood. It makes no apologies for appearances, if the thing is the thing that it seems to be.

The Old North State is worthy of her motto, and well has she lived up to it. There are no people who care less for show, for the mere appearance of things. In proof of this statement, we have but to cite several instances from her history. *47*

In her colonial days, not less than at later times, North Carolina maintained her spirit of modesty and integrity. To know the different races and religious sects which came to our soil during the first hundred years of our life; where they settled and lived from generation to generation; how they supported themselves; how they married and intermarried; the kind of homes they established as the centres of their affections; to know their educational advan-

tages—their schools, libraries and literature; to know of their churches, their ministers and their devotion to the religious ideal; to know of their social intercourse and pleasures—all this would be most valuable and interesting. But much of it can never be learned at all accurately; for such knowledge would not only require the student and literary artist, but sources of information no longer accessible. The very fact that the records of the social life of colonial North Carolina are meager and scattered, shows that pioneer peoples like our ancestors do not leave behind them full records of their life work. On the other hand, they care little whether the future is to know them as they are, they wish to be rather than to seem.

In 1774 colonial North Carolina again reminds us of her worthiness of this motto. Who does not know of the time immediately after the "Boston Tea Party," when the American troops, shut up in Boston by the British, were so ably assisted by North Carolina, who declared the "cause of Boston the common cause of all?" 48

Not only as a colony did North Carolina manifest her love of honesty and her hatred of shams, but she has shown this spirit during her whole career as a State—even from her infancy to the present day. 38

In the first year of her existence as a State, James Glasgow was appointed Secretary of State. He was one of the venerable men who formed the first lodge of the Free and Accepted Order of Masons. His autograph is side by side with those of William Richardson, Samuel Johnston and Richard Caswell. But dishonesty and official corruption bring about their results. The same love of lucre which proves to be the ruin of many of our modern public officers, seized Glasgow. It was discovered in 1797 that he had been issuing fraudulent grants of land in Tennessee and in Western North Carolina. He had been cheating the State, for whose liberties he had suffered, he had been cheating the poor, who had relied upon his integrity. He had disgraced a high and honorable office. Eminent public services, high official position and

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extensive family connections could not prevent his punishment. He was indicted for misdemeanor in office, convicted, and deprived of his position. 160

At this time the unwritten law of North Carolina was quite as powerful as the written law. Judge Haywood, who resigned his position as Judge to take the case of Glasgow for a fee of one thousand dollars, emigrated to Tennessee, where he was elevated to the Supreme bench. His emigration is thought to have been caused by public sentiment against him in consequence of what was considered a desertion of his post for a pecuniary consideration. May our State continue to insist upon having in its responsible positions men of uprightness and integrity! In so doing she will set the example of honesty to each individual in North Carolina, who is, in a measure, responsible for the good or bad government of the State. 123

In striking contrast with the character of Glasgow stands that of Nathaniel Macon, whom we all know and love as a distinguished North Carolinian, and whom Mr. Jefferson called the "last of the Romans." His love for North Carolina was sincere and unassuming. In all that concerned her character, her institutions, her welfare, he felt an ever-watchful interest. Stability and consistency were strong points in his character. Though for so many years the depository of public honors and trusts, Mr. Macon never solicited any one to vote for him, or even intimated such a wish, yet he would not accept any position except at the hands of the people. To shun all ostentatious display and the emptiness of pride was with him a principle. It is said of him that he was averse to having his picture taken. This peculiarity grew on him, until in very old age, he is said to have threatened a persistent picture-maker with libel, if, as he had suggested, he should take his picture without his knowledge. In this, as in many other ways, Mr. Macon showed very conclusively that he preferred "to be rather than to seem."

Although we feel near to and love Nathaniel Macon and all other North Carolinians, however long ago they may have lived, yet--

somehow—we feel nearer to those who lived at a time nearer our own—thus manifesting a great human weakness, love of self and things pertaining to ourselves. So especially do we love to hear and to think of Vance, "our own Zeb," "our great War Governor." He was our loved leader in the "times that tried men's souls." He lost one of his eyes in the service of his State and then congratulated himself that he would have an "eye single to her service." He gave himself body and soul to North Carolina with an affection that no other son of hers had done. Everything in North Carolina was lovely in his eyes, save her tincture of Republicanism. There was no pretense or ostentation in his love for her, he was what he seemed to be.

The foregoing are but a few of the many instances in our State history which testify to us her worthiness of her motto. Study her history at whatever period and you will find her honest and unostentatious in all her dealings with her children, her institutions and her fellow countrymen. Thousands of her great deeds have never been recorded, or yet worse have been greatly underestimated. This proves her indifference to the fact that others know not of her greatness. She is satisfied to know that she is just what she seems to be. She has done noble deeds and has left their narration to others.

In conclusion, let each of us as individual North Carolinians, take this, "To be rather than to seem," as our motto. Up with truth and down with shams. Let character be chosen rather than reputation. Let sophistry, the sham in argument, perish among our preachers, teachers and writers. Let display, the sham in society, display of wealth or of family or of culture, be denied, and let us take pride only in truth. Let dishonesty, the sham of business, the boasting of the seller, the decrying of the buyer, be done away with. Let demagogism, the sham in politics, give way to patriotism. Let plagiarism, the sham of scholarship, surrender to the love of learning. Let pride, the sham of life, be displaced by humility and reverence. Let hypocrisy, the sham of religion, be

done to death, and the religion of straightforwardness prevail. Again, down with the shams in Church and in State, in the office and in the home, in the market and in the shop. Let work be done that is honest work through and through. As the years go by we find nothing more rare in this world, yet nothing more desirable than sincerity. It is the foundation of all virtues, even of the chiefest, which is love. The motto is yours. It is a good one for all years to come. It has an honorable history, and while truth is truth and reality esteemed above pretence—so long may North Carolinians be proud of their motto—Esse Quam Videri.

Mattie. S. Allen Williams  
January 1904.

## THREE STUDIES IN BLACK.

Mammy, or Aunt Jinny as she was known to all Mammy's except her "white folks," was born in the time of "Hants." slavery on a large plantation in Eastern Carolina.

Like every other negro of those days she believed in the existence of "hants" as firmly as she did in that of the devil himself. No one could doubt her belief in these dreadful apparitions who had ever seen the emphatic nod of Mammy's head or had ever heard the positive tones with which she used to say "Yas, honey, dere sho' am hants."

Indeed there never was a time in Mammy's life when she did not live in constant dread of these spectres. When a little black pickaninny she listened with open mouth and eyes to the tales the old aunties and uncles told down in the quarters. She heard them relate, with an earnestness which was truth itself, story after story of evil "sperits" in every imaginary, weird, and uncanny form. These stories were not make believe stories either, but "sartinly" true ones of things which they, themselves, professed to have seen again and again. Uncle Jake, an old white-haired negro, even declared that right "dere on dat very plantashun" there was a spot down in the meadow on the creek to which every night exactly at twelve o'clock a herd of headless cows came to water. He said that he himself had seen them come galloping down the hill leading to the creek, stop, and stand for a moment or two in the water and then go up the opposite hill and vanish at the top.

The herd of headless cows was not "de only hant on dat very plantashun," for Mammy herself when she was about twelve years old had seen another one. One night when left alone with her baby brother, Jinny, for so she was called then, heard a strange noise approaching the cabin. At first she could distinguish only a "swish, swish," as though something were coming through the cornfield at the back of the cabin. Then, on listening closer, she

distinctly heard a creaking sound as if some one were walking in new shoes. "Jinny," terrified, crept to the window and cautiously peered out. A tall, white object with a lighted lantern was wandering slowly up and down. With bent head it seemed to be searching intently for something. Just as "Jinny" looked out the object uttered a deep groan and started toward the window. "Jinny's" heart rose in her throat. She screamed and fell flat on the floor by the window. However, the "hant" evidently meant no harm to her, for the awful sounds came no nearer the window. Instead, in a few moments they began to grow fainter and fainter and finally they died away entirely.

"Jinny" knew that she had seen "Ole Marsa's hant" for she had been told again and again of how he had buried a pile of money and had died without telling any one of its hiding place. He had come back to look for his gold—she was sure of it. Soon "Jinny" crawled back on the pallet by her little brother; but there was no more sleep for her that night.

This was the first time that Mammy ever saw a "hant." After this nothing could shake her faith in their existence. Later on she became housemaid and finally "Mammy" at "de big house." Her mistress tried to explain to her the foolishness of her belief in "hants;" but Mammy saw no foolishness in it, for had not she seen a "hant" "wid" her own eyes and did her own eyes ever tell a lie? "Missus," she used to say, "maybe you haint neber seed nary one; but dere sho' am hants."

What misery Mammy's firm belief in "hants" caused her! Nothing could have induced her to go any distance after dark by herself, for she believed that at night, especially between twelve o'clock and cock-crow, all "hants" visited their favorite haunts. These "hants" could move from place to place very rapidly and could also become invisible at any time. Various forms of them existed. Sometimes they would be jack-o-my-lanterns, black cats, white cows and headless horses; and at another time they would be the spirits of men in all deformed shapes. To Mammy every

gloomy swamp border was infested with shadowy beings, every graveyard nightly filled with spectres. In fact, she believed that every lonely house, every peculiarly desolate spot, every place near which an unusual incident or crime had occurred was their rendezvous.

After the Civil War Mammy bought a little cabin near the "big house" and there she and one of her nieces lived alone. Mammy still came to the "big house" every day to take care of the "chilluns." Nothing delighted her "chilluns" more than to listen to Mammy's "hant" stories and nothing pleased Mammy more than to make their eyes grow big with her descriptions of all kinds of fearful beings. She firmly believed that "hants" harmed only those people who had done wrong. Her favorite stories were those to illustrate this point; for by them she hoped to make her children behave better. The two stories which she told most frequently were "The Golden Arm" and "The Haunted House."

Mammy always began the first one with this remark, "Chilluns, if you'se bad dem hants is sho' gwine to git you, jest like dey did dat man what stole his wife's gold arm." Then she would go on to tell of a woman who, having lost one of her arms, wore a valuable golden one in its place. Because of it she had many suitors, one of whom she finally accepted. Soon after they were married the woman died. After taking off her golden arm the man buried her. Late that night he heard a call from the graveyard of "Where's my gold arm?" Then Mammy would lower her tone as she told how the voice came nearer and nearer always calling: "Where's my gold arm?" until it finally started up the steps to the house. The man barred the door with the furniture in his room and then getting into bed covered up his head. But the voice came through the door and in a moment called, right above the man: "Where's my gold arm?" Here Mammy's voice would become very low and threatening and the next moment seizing one of her wide-eyed little listeners by the shoulders she would cry: "You'se got it" in such tones that the startled child easily imagined herself in the bad

man's situation. "And, honey," Mammy would end, "Dat man han't neber been seed agin from dat day to dis."

Then in contrast to this bad man she would tell them of the good man who spent the night in a haunted house. The owner of the house offered it to any one who could spend the night in it alive. Although many had tried and failed this good man determined to make the attempt. At sunset he went to the house and seating himself at the top of the stair-steps began to read his Bible. He read in perfect quiet until midnight. Then he heard steps and the clanking of chains down in the cellar. Although the noise came on up from the cellar to the stair-case and up the steps one by one the man never turned until the "hant" stood beside him. Then, looking up, he said, "Friend, what are you doing here?" The "hant," a man with a crushed head, instead of killing the man as he had killed all before him, led him down into the cellar. There he made him bury a pile of bones which he said were his own, left there by his murderer. Then he showed him a bag of gold and promising never to return, vanished. "Now, dat man, chilluns," Mammy would observe, "lived happy eber after."

One morning when Mammy came to the "big house" she told her "missus" that she could work no longer for her because she had heard a warning. When asked what she meant Mammy said that the night before when she and her niece were going home an enormous white horse had walked slowly from the trees by the road and had crossed and re-crossed in front of them three times and then had disappeared. On reaching home she said that she had also seen a light going around her house. Nobody carried the light and after going around three times it disappeared. Yes, Missus, Uncle Jake told me if I eber seed dat, it 'ud be my warnin. I'se gwine to die. Every one thought that Mammy's warning was a scare which would amount to nothing, but Mammy came to the "big house" next day to leave a keep-sake for each member of the family. The following day she went to bed and in less than ten days Mammy was dead.

Mammy is dead, but her "hants" did not die with her. Her "white chillun," though they know better than to believe in such apparitions will always have a peculiar "quaky" feeling when they pass the places where Mammy's "hants" lived.

MARY WELDON HUSKE, '05.

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Few remain to us, of the old and treasured servants of **Shadow Pictures.** the days "befo' de war." They are gradually, one by one, passing beyond the River to join their "marsers" and their "chillun" that have gone on before. The few that are left however, with their quaint and gentle manners, with their deep-seated aristocracy and devoted loyalty, bring back the conditions of society, and restore the atmosphere and color of those former days. They are shadow pictures, as it were, of the past. Around their presence clings a picturesqueness suggestive of the faint sweet odors of the sunny cotton fields. Around their heads shines a halo of memories, preserving the joyous times had in the "land where we were dreaming."

Old Uncle Ben, the family gardener, is one of these relics of former days. Though stooped and bent with age, he is still as faithful in his tasks of weeding and planting as when he worked as a slave for "Mars' Rob." His knotty hands, now growing stiff with "rheumatiz," still hold in a firm grasp his long-handled hoe. At any time of day Uncle Ben can be seen, with a much worn slouch hat pulled far down over his grizzly hair, working diligently in the flower beds. When alone the old negro constantly mumbles and mutters in a low tone. "Jes ter keep comp'ny wid myself, honey, jes ter keep comp'ny," he always explains when asked the reasons of his monologues.

Like nearly all the individuals of his race, Uncle Ben has a superstitious nature. He is very careful to sow his seed in the "full of de moon," and he never begins a task on Friday unless certain

that he can finish it on Saturday. He always plants his garden on Good Friday "ceptin'," as he once explained, "when Good Fridays come on Sunday."

It is the chief delight of the children of the family to get Uncle Ben to tell his experiences with "hants" and "sperits"—experiences so harrowing that the very thought of them makes young blood curdle. Uncle Ben's vivid imagination is never allowed much rest on the occasions of story-telling. He relates the incidents of terror and fright with an earnestness and a dignified humor that is irresistible. He loves to tell of the times he went "possum huntin'" with Mars' Rob, and how often they passed "right thro' the graveyard, whar all dem dead folks wuz buried, in de very middlest of de night." In Uncle Ben's opinion 'possum meat is the "juiciest meat what am." Many times, on moonlight nights, he has made his sons accompany him on long tramps through woods which the opossums had long since ceased to inhabit, "Jester make 'em git a taste fer 'possum huntin', ter make dem triflin' niggers love ter hunt fer coons."

Untaught and ignorant as this old man is, he has his system of philosophy as well as wise thinkers of the world have had—a philosophy that has done his simple soul as much good as great teachings have done greater minds. More than one child has gone to him with his little woes and troubles for sympathy and encouragement. "Keep on smilin honey," the old negro says, "keep on smilin. Atter while de sun is gwine ter shine for good, the rain hit can't always keep a-rainin'." Often when working out in the garden Uncle Ben can be heard scolding himself vigorously for groaning from the "misery" in his back.

"Now, look here, yer nigger Ben, you jes stop yer groanin' and yer moanin', you wuz put in dis here worl' ter work and not ter be allays a-complainin'." Uncle Ben's philosophy can be summed up in a few lines that have been written by one in thorough sympathy with such a character as this old negro gardener:

"The worl' is a mighty confusin' big place  
For a nigger like me, you know,  
An' de only safe thing I have found has been  
To keep a good grip on my hoe !  
You can always depend on de fields an' de sky  
Which ever way other things go,  
An' de res' will get plain in time to de man  
What keeps a good grip on his hoe!"

William Henry Montague, an old negro driver of my acquaintance, belongs also to the type of "quality negroes" who have remained faithful to their "white fol'ks" for two generations. The stamp of aristocracy is written on every feature of his wrinkled ebony face. For he "warn't none of dem field hand niggers, he wuz jes' de very top of de pot in his old mars's family." That he considered himself a part of the family is shown in his reply to a visitor who once asked him if a certain Mr. Montague of a neighboring town was related in any way to the Montague family to whom he used to belong. William Henry stood thinking deeply for some time and then remarked, with an air of superiority: "I jes tell yer, boss, I disremember whether I se any kin ter him er not."

This old aristocrat shows his high breeding in his extremely courteous and dignified bearing. He removes his much worn beaver hat on the approach of any of his "white fol'ks" with a flourish unequalled in the highest society. He holds the younger generation of servants, around the stable, in utter contempt, and announces to them in a haughty tone that he has "been drivin' fer de family for thirty years and defies any nigger ter surpass William Henry in dat perfession."

William Henry is inordinately proud of his old Mars's family and never wearies of telling of the "pomp and magnificence of dat life we used to live." He greatly exaggerates indeed, the happiness and grandeur of those days, but what does it matter if memory has thrown a mellower light over all the circumstances? What serious

wrong is there if some of the harshness of reality is softened by the distance through which he looks back upon them?

Another interesting type of the old time negro is Aunt Harriet, the cook, who, while displaying the characteristics of her race, possesses a sharply defined individuality of her own. Aunt Harriet is a fussy, consequential old woman with a highly independent nature. She holds complete sway in the kitchen and resents any inroad made into her rightful domain. Her temper is both fierce and fearless when aroused, but it is accompanied by a heart as tender and a devotion as unselfish as that of any mortal. Often after severely boxing the ears of the children of the family for getting in her way, Aunt Harriet's heart melts at the sight of their tears. She bribes them into her love again by bringing out choicest bits of pastry, prepared especially to tempt their appetites.

Besides possessing an extremely high temper, this old negro is exceedingly vain. Any words of flattery or any appeal to her vanity can work wonders toward softening Aunt Harriet's heart. She is especially vain in regard to her apparel. The one great aim of her life is "ter look handsome." The effect she obtains in her attempt to do this is often startlingly ridiculous. The pride of her existence is a seal skin sack and a ragged red silk parasol, which she carries to church with her, both summer and winter.

All of us have our failings and short-comings and Aunt Harriet has her share. One of her chief faults is getting drunk. Her fiery temper gains complete control of her then, although she always repents afterward with tears for her grievous sin.

On one occasion when this old cook was storming fiercely around the kitchen, greatly under the influence of liquor, her mistress entered the room and threatened to discharge her. Aunt Harriet deeply resented this rebuke; for she had cooked for the family many years, and had welcomed her present mistress, the third wife of her old master, with as hearty a greeting as she had given her former mistresses. So sobering down immediately she planted her stout body defiantly in front of her mistress, and said: "Now jes

look here ole missus, mars' he brought me here afore he did you, and ef one of us has got ter leave, dars' de big road, yer kin go. I'se gwine ter stay.'" It is needless to add that Aunt Harriet still holds sway in that household.

Among the shadow pictures of the past we see yet another face—the dusky face of one who is bound with tighter cords of love to the hearts of her "chillun," the old negro "mammy," the guardian angel of the nursery. Mammy Rach is a true representative of the negro "mammies" of the South. For in spite of her age and growing infirmities, she is none the less as faithful to her charges as she was in her younger and more active days. All the love and tenderness which she bestowed on the head of her young "missus" years ago, she lavishes as freely upon the children of her missus, for time can never change the devotion of this simple and faithful old soul to children. They find in her a zealous ally and champion. She is ever ready to sooth their pain and drive away their sorrows.

Though trouble and care have left their print upon Mammy Rach's face, they have only deepened the lines of patience and contentment. Her black countenance is always wreathed in smiles, and her bright little eyes twinkle constantly. The tufts of white hair around "mammy's" temples are in striking contrast to the ebony hue of her face. They look like bunches of cotton, protruding from beneath her red bandanna. She is never seen without her brilliant head dress, and her ample spotless white apron. She is the personification of neatness.

Mammy Rach walks with a peculiar halting limp, the reason of which, she attributes to the "tricking" of an old negro woman who for some unknown cause despised her. She solemnly declares that the old hag powdered up a dry snake skin and put it in her food. The snake later took its original form in Mammy Rach's leg, according to her idea, causing her much pain and suffering. This is one of the numerous stories of the "conjurin'" ability with which she amuses the children of the nursery, as she sits bobbing her

turbanned head to and fro with the motion of her creaky little rocking chair.

What marvelous and touching events pour forth from this old black "mammy's" lips—of how she "got religion," of her many and sore conflicts with the powers of darkness, and of her first dawning hopes. She possesses a deep religious faith, and carries out her idea of a perfect life in her little "unremembered acts of kindness and of love." Her mind is constantly dwelling on the peace and happiness of the life to come. But it is at twilight, when seated with her "chile" clasped to her heart, that "mammy's" thoughts rise nearer heaven. It is then that the beauty of this old negro's soul shines radiantly through her soft and tender eyes as she drones out an old plantation hymn in the mellow voice of her race, which age can never harden.

SADIE DAVIS, '05.

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"Becky, do fo' aigs er six go in dis cake?"  
“De School asked Mayetta, looking up from the white of eggs  
Breakin Up.” she was beating.

"Six," replied Becky as she poured a quanity of cake-batter into a pan and set it in the stove.

"How many cakes do you reckon de *will* have ter morrer night at de school breakin up?" continued Mayetta. "Here we is er bakin cakes en aunt Molly en aunt Silvy is er bakin cakes, en aunt Tildy en aunt Marthy, en Harriet en dem is all er bakin cakes."

"Do Gretty know his speech?" asked Becky.

"Naw e do'no' all er his'n' quite yit, but he'll git it all right. Do Fanny know hern?"

"Yeh she know fo'er de lines en she aint go but six ter git."

These negro women, Becky and Mayetta were then silent awhile as they busily mixed batter, washed crocks and dishes, or beat up eggs. They were getting ready as fast as they could, for a great occasion with them, the entertainment attending the breaking up of the pub-

lic school which was to take place the following night in the school house. At length Mayetta broke the silence.

"I hearn twuz Mose," she said, "what sc'gested bout de debate what gwineter be atter de speecherfyin."

"Twuz him," said Becky, "en he sc'gested bout de lemon-egg drinkin too."

"Mose is er mighty big man in it aint 'e? I thought 'e would be."

"Yeh, he's er mighty big man in it, he's gwine ter be marster er ceremonies," said Becky. "He up dare ter de school-house ter day buildin de stage. I hearn um sey aun Lidy en aun Silvy wuz goin ter lend 'um some quilts fer de curtain. De say Mose, he's goin ter mek er speech, en de *do* sey" she went on, "det Aun Lidy is goin ter mek er speech too, do I'm doubtin' dat in my mind kase I hearn dis mawnin Aun Lidy wus sick."

"Dat's er pity," said Mayetta, "I'd be saury if Aun Lidy couldn' mak her speech. Aun Lidy kin put up er mighty pretty speech for I've hearn her."

At length Mayetta and Becky, having finished their cake-baking, and having cleaned up neatly the kitchen which "Miss Maiy" had kindly lent them for their baking, put their cakes into their aprons and went home.

The next night, the log school-house set in a little clearing among the pines was in a state of bustle and excitement. It was filled to overflowing with the dusky audience who were chattering and laughing and having a merry time. The desks had all been moved out to make room, and all the available benches and chairs had been brought in from the neighboring cabins. In one end of the house Mose had built the stage. Two dim lanterns and a lamp with a cracked chimney shed feeble rays on the dark, rough walls, and for the stage curtain hung two quilts made after an uncertain pattern in red and green calico.

Presently the quilts were pulled back, displaying Savannah, the

teacher and the school children, seated on benches at the back of the stage, and Mose standing, imposingly at the front.

"Bein how ez I'm de master er ceremonies," said Mose, in an important voice, "I thought I'd make you all er speech." and making a low bow to the audience he began:

"I like to see a little daug,  
En pat im on de haid,  
So pretty do he wag is tail,  
Whenever he is fed."

With this speech which Mose felt was very well rendered, he sat down in his chair by the side of the stage and his place was taken by Savannah, who stood and welcomed her audience saying, "Frens en neighbors, en you who have come here ter night, ter see whats goin ter happen' en hear whats er gwine on; I hope you will enjoy de services en de singin." With that she sat down and Mose, stepping back upon the platform, gave out two or three songs one after the other, and then sung them, with the help of Savannah and one or two of the women in the audience.

Then Mose took his seat, which was also the sign of his office and called out, "We will now have er speech by Gretty O'Bury Columbus Pittman." Mayetta was trembling with pride and happiness as she watched the little slim black figure come to the front of the stage and stand there, saying in a measured swing:

"De lark is up ter meet de sun,  
De bee is on de whing,  
De anties labor is begun,  
De birds wid musement sing."

After this "Unk Sam's Jeems," one of the big boys and Venie, one of the girls, had each a piece to say. Then Bigus and Sittlers Smith said a dialogue, "Bigus" saying the first speech and "Sittlers" the next. This was very wonderful to the audience. Then two or three more songs were sung and some more pieces said and then Fanny's name was called. Fanny rose and came trembling to the edge of the stage. To Becky's eyes she was beautiful as she

stood there in the red dress and white leghorn hat which Becky had secured for the occasion, twisting into a string the little lawn handkerchief which she carried, and saying in a high, childish halting voice:

“ Play while you play,  
En work while you work,  
Det is de way to be happy en gay;  
Things done by halves is never done right.”

After Fanny had taken her seat again, Mose mounted the stage. “ Hits now time fer de debate to begin,” he said, “ de speech-erfying bein’ over.” Mose was in his glory now, for he was not only the “ Master of ceremonies ” but was also leader of the debate.

“ Well,” he said, when the children had filed down from the stage and their places had been taken by the group of dusky debaters, “ You all knowed, I reckon det I wuz de leader er debate. De question we’s er bout ter git ter scussin bout is: ‘ Which’ll cyar you de furest, Money or Manners.’ I en Luke, en Unk Elleck’s Jeems here, gwine tek de side er Money, en Marnas en John Farrer en Bedney dere is gwine tek de side er Manners. Unk Sam, he gwineter be de jedge er who gits de best er de argyment. Mose then made a low bow and turning around continued, “ Gentermuns an dis honerble jury? I on de side er money en I’m mighty glad I is, Moneys er mighty good think ter have. Its de thing what’ll cyar yer through. Sposen I uz ter go ter de barber shop fer ter git er shave, I’d set down dere in de cheer but you speck I’d git shev, mek no difference how perlite I wuz dout I got de fifteen cents dere ter pay for it? Naw, not much. De barber, he’d tell me ter fetch out de money.”

“ Likewise,” he went on, “ ef I uz ter want ter go somerz, on de train, over ter Battle Bur ter see my folks. I stands dere side er de railroad track up yonder ter town, en de train she comes er puffin’ in, but I don’t dare to git on er ef I ain’t got dat little cyard what I don paid my money fur, kase ef I did, fo’ I got ter de

crick, here ud come de man en I mout be perlite uz I please, but dat train ud stop rat still, en I'd git outer dat do' wid er kick I'd member ter my dyin' day."

"Yeh, I bet you done been trying hit," said John, casting an evil glance at Mose with whom he had quarrelled a day or two before. Mose returned the glance, but said nothing and sat down.

It was now Nismus's time to lead out for "manners" so he rose and said, "Gentermuns ov dis honerble jury, I'm put on de side er Manners en Manners I'll stand to, who is gwine say, Money en Manners ain't both mighty good things ter git arlong wid. Taint me would sey I wouldn't like to hev bofe ov en. But lissen! Manners is a good thing to have, kase sposen I wuz ter go up yonder ter town en go in er sto' some Saddy, en wuz ter git sassy. Mak no difference ef I is got er pocket full er money I got ter git outen dat sto'." Here a smile went around the audience for they knew that Nismus had had sufficient proof of this a Saturday or two before. "Den, sposen I uz ter go'en try ter git a job some whar en wuz ter go en git sassy ter de man, de furst thing. Reckon I'd git de job?"

"Naw, you wouldn't need no job ef you had er plenty er money," said "Unk Elleck's Jeems."

Nismus, now having said his say sat down and Luke shuffled to his feet. "Jedge, en gentermuns ov dis honerble jury," said he, "its my pinion money 'll show cyar yer furer 'n eny manners. Sposen I wuz ter go ter de show wid er gal, you reckon she's gwineter keer any thing fer me en hev nothin ter do wid me, dout I get de money ter by her pink lemon-egg en pop-corn? *Dat* she wont! She'll go straight off wid some yuther feller what's got de money."

"She wouldn't have nothin' ter do wid you douten you wuz perlite neither," said Bedney.

After Luke, came Farrer, who after he had given the same salutation that all the others had used began: "You all know I aint much fer argifying bout nothin, but my mammy always teached me

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ter be perlite, en det ef I wuz perlite I'd always git erlong all right, en I reckon she knowed what she wuz er talkin' erbout."

"Shuh, Farrer, you aint got nothin ter sey," broke in Mose, "lemme talk." So Farrer sat down and Mose took the floor again. "Its de money fer me evy time," said Mose. "Reckon I'd work fer de white folks ef de didn't pay me? Reckon I'd go up yonder en ten Miss Maiys gyarden, ef I didn't speck ter git my money fer it en some er de greens en things too? Dat I wouldn', I'd set rat in my house all de time. En ergin tekin hit from de yuther side, sposen I wuz ter go up ter de gret 'ouse ter buy er chicken. I mout bow en scrape eroun en sey 'Mom' all I pleased, but Miss Maiy wouldn' let me hev no chicken douten I hed de quarter dere."

"Naw, en she wouldn' let you have it den, lessen you wuz perlite," said Farrer.

"H'm'h, Mose, don' need no money ner manners needer de way he gits er chicken," said John, looking out of the corner of his eye at Mose. "He jis goes ter de roose. He mout be perlite ter de chicken, en he *mout* slip de quarter under de hen-'ouse do'-sill, but hits at night en de aint nobody dere to see what he do, cepn' hits de chicken en e don' tell nobody what he sees cause is head's orf too quick en es in a bag."

Mose's anger now burst forth. "You knotty headed nigger dar," said he, "you better keep yo' sassy tongue in yo head en keep yo mouf offn' me, I'm tired er yo' jaw dats what I is en I wont stan it no longer." The debate might thus have ended in blows had not fat good-natured Aunt Molly at that moment have come up to the stage.

"Come! Come! don't quarl, up dere," she said come on down and less hev de lemon-egg drinkin. They all willingly complied with her request and the debate was forgotten in the merry drinkin of lemonade and eating of cake that followed. Every one forgot to ask Uncle Sam which side won and he, with a big slice of cake in one hand and a tin dipper of lemonade in the other forgot the matter himself.

SUSIE WHITAKER, '07.

EXPERIENCES OF THE MOUNTAIN PUBLIC SCHOOL  
TEACHER.  
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MAGGIE A. BURKETT, '04.

We hear much about the rapid strides which our State is making in education. As a means of showing one phase of this educational progress, a series of maps has been prepared, indicating at different periods the number of communities that have voted upon themselves a local tax for the support of public schools. The first of these maps shows, in 1880, but four districts which had taxed themselves for this purpose. The maps for each succeeding year show only a small increase, till two years ago when the number was increased from 19 to 56. Last year the number had grown to be 186.

This increase means, not only more schools, but modern methods, new houses and better trained and better paid teachers. We find, however, that in some parts of our State such progress is a thing unknown, especially in most of the mountain districts.

The period between the Revolution and 1840 has been called, in England, "The period of the old time district school, the picturesque period in her education." That picturesqueness has not disappeared from the mountain section in the western part of our State. Here we find the "old time district schools" in their original state, with seemingly no prospect of a change in the near future, for the committeemen who have charge of affairs are often heard to say, "We don't want none o' them new fangled ways o' teachin' brought here. They don't do the younguns no good no how, but just to make 'em unlain all they ever larnt before. We'd ruther things 'ud stay like they used to be when we was boys. Them was good times and things didn't git all mixed up so you couldn't find head nor tail of 'em. Ways that was good enough for us, is good enough fer our younguns."

In comparing the life and experience of the public school teacher

in the mountains of Western North Carolina, with the life and experience of the public school teacher elsewhere, we find that while they are similar in some respects, they are different in many. There are perhaps few people in any profession who can boast of a more varied experience than can the mountain district school teacher.

Each district is presided over by three committeemen, who, besides employing the teachers, exercise a general oversight in school affairs. It is the business of the committee to look after the school house, see that any needed repairing is done, and, in case a new house is to be built, to select a suitable site. Though among the best citizens in the community, they sometimes are totally ignorant of even the alphabet. They receive no pay for the performance of their duties, and often no thanks. If two of them agree concerning any plan, it is usually carried out. Two members always have the power to employ teachers.

The application for a position is often made by the teacher in person, when the committeemen can be gotten together. At this meeting the applicant is questioned somewhat in the following manner: "What kind of certificate have you got—first, second, or third grade? Have you ever taught school before? If so, how many terms did you stay at one place?" It is considered a good sign for a teacher to be kept at one place two terms, as it shows that her work was acceptable. Lastly she is asked: "What wages do you want?"

If the teacher find favor with two members of the committee she will be employed, at the same time receiving the following advice as to the manner of dealing with the students: "You'll just have to come right down on 'em and almost scare 'em to death right in the beginning, or you'll have trouble, for that teacher that we had last year didn't have no control over 'em at all. The chaps didn't mind one thing he said, and they never learnt a thing the whole term but meanness. You just make 'em toe the crack, and the best thing for you to do 'll be for you to whip two or three the first

or second day, just to let 'em know who's boss, you know. That's where the last teacher made the biggest mistake, was bein' too easy on 'em, and lettin' 'em git the upper hand of him. They'll make it hot enough fer you, no difference how hard you are on 'em."

All this the teacher receives gratis, for her encouragement. She wonders what kind of beings these children are, immediately begins to think about and to devise ways of punishing them.

The opening day arrives and the teacher is on hand. These schools usually begin late in the fall, that they may not interfere with the harvest, as the children are largely the bread-winners on the farms.

In order to be first on the grounds, the teacher starts early, pondering as she walks along, the advice of the committee concerning her dealing with "these wild beings," as she has taught herself to think of them. Her face has a troubled look upon it; she has no eyes for the glory of the autumn morning, for she is wondering whether it shall be ferule, switch, or—blessed thought—her own slipper; whether she will try to rule them by kindness, or—but a yell like that of an Indian war-whoop brings her to a realization of her surroundings, as there before her she beholds more than a dozen of the objects of her thoughts. As early as she has set out, she has failed to be first on the grounds.

Is that the school-house, that dilapidated, one storied log cabin, standing on the bare little knoll? It must be, for the presence of the children at play prove it to be so, and then, too, this is the place to which she has been directed. Can it be possible that for four months she must live in this place? Of course, it will not be living—merely existing.

The school-house is a low, almost square structure, built as most log houses are. The chinks are filled in with strips of wood, which are held in place by daubing made of yellow mud. At one end of the house, between two small windows, stands a great stone chimney. In front are the door and two six-paned windows, while the rear contains neither door nor windows.

The teacher's spirits begin to fall as she takes in the situation, but, after all, nothing is to be gained by looking on the dark side of things, and maybe inside the prospects are less gloomy.

If the appearance of things from the outside had been enough to dispirit her, that of the interior is sufficient to produce a genuine case of blues. The only articles inside are a small table, one chair for the teacher, and perhaps one dozen long, wooden benches for the pupils. In the center of the wall, just opposite the door, is a small black-board, the only one in the room.

As she approached the house a small boy, who was stationed near by to watch for her appearance, sped away to tell his comrades that "the new teacher has come, has already gone in the house, and there's not a soul in there with her." He leads the way back, followed by more than a dozen other boys, who file in to see what the new teacher is like, and to "size her up," as they like to say, and to see if she "has any grit." There is also much "sizing up" done on the part of the teacher, as she meets, for the first time, these mountain boys, and she picks out one or two perhaps, to watch more closely than the others.

Before eight o'clock (the opening hour), there is a large crowd of children on the grounds, and still others coming in. Where do so many come from? They seem to pour out of the mountains in droves. Where will she put them? It seems nothing short of an impossibility to try to keep so many in so limited a space, to say nothing of trying to teach them. Of course, there will be little comfort, but if she can only find places for them all, that will be something accomplished.

At a signal from the teacher the pupils scramble to the long wooden benches, where the small ones sit with their feet dangling several inches above the floor. The opening exercises consist of a chapter read from the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, repeated in concert, and one or two songs. The work of the first day is the classification of the students, a task none of the simplest, for one of the things that impresses the teacher most on entering these moun-

tain schools, is the marvelous variety of books found in the childrens' possession. Think of having sixty-four pupils, and almost as many kinds of books! The variety of Fourth Readers, Histories, Arithmetics and Geographies found here, is very striking. Many of the children have but one book, and they can be induced to study no other, for this one belonged to their fathers before them, and it takes too much money to buy new ones. This one book may be a Webster's "Blue Back," or a second, third, or fourth reader. In possession of the beginners is often found only an almanac with the alphabet pasted in the first two or three pages. The largest class in school is a class of eleven boys and girls in "Holmes' Fourth Reader." The same eleven are in a spelling class. The remaining pupils are either alone, or are in classes numbering not more than three or four.

The close of the first week finds the teacher getting along even better than she expected, with so many pupils, so little room, and so many classes. Every minute of her time, from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, is fully occupied, and on days when pupils are to be "kept in" she doesn't leave the school house until nearly dark. Her greatest difficulty is the ability to teach the classes, and at the same time to keep the others quiet, for those who sit near the windows see everything that goes on outside, and in various ways attract the attention of those whom they consider less fortunate, in being where they cannot "see out." When these find that something is taking place out of doors, they immediately become very thirsty, and all make a raid on the water bucket, gulping water, and at the same time, taking in all that's going on in the yard.

Another cause of much confusion, especially on cold days, is the continual going to and from the fireplace, and such petitions as "Miss Mary, make Willie Winebarger move and let me warm," and, "Please let John Green and me go fetch some wood," are often heard.

There are often as many as half a dozen pupils standing up for

misbehavior, some of them in the corner, and some of them with their faces to the wall. Those left at their seats are as widely separated as the limited space will allow, to prevent social intercourse.

While there is much to enjoy in one of these mountain public schools there is also much to handicap, for no teacher can do her best work under circumstances such as I have described. Until there is a change from the ways of the "old time district school," it is useless to hope for the best results.

## UNCLE TOM'S RIDE.

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JOSIE DAMERON, '05.

When we were children our greatest delight was to have father tell us stories. When the days work was over, and we had gathered around the bright, open fire, he often spent the entire evening entertaining us with war stories. But these were not so interesting as Indian tales. There was a certain charm about the word Indian. And just to hear father give the Indian war whoop, "heep-o-o-o," would make us feel as though the Indians were almost on us. This is the story he told us one night, about the Indians and Uncle Thomas, who lived at Warsaw, a village in Brunswick county, Virginia.

Uncle Thomas liked to fish and would often spend the day on Fishing Creek, near Warsaw. With his fishing net and rods thrown across his shoulder, he was coming home one afternoon, about sunset, when all the woods were quiet, and even the birds had gone to rest. Suddenly he was attracted by the tramp of horses. They seemed to be at a distance but were coming rapidly. At first he did not understand what it was. Then he remembered that a tribe of Cherokee Indians had come into the neighborhood. No sooner had the thought passed, than he heard a loud and frightful war whoop, "heep-o-o-o." The sounds rolled over the hills, and echoed again, and again. He knew some Indians were approaching, and his first thought was to reach home, for he did not know what their intentions were. But Warsaw was beyond the creek, and he had, yet, some distance to go before he could cross. Nevertheless he hastened on his journey, with the constant tramping of the nearing horses ringing in his ears.

As he was passing over a bridge, five yelling Indians came dashing up the road. They dismounted and gathered around him, on the bridge. All of them held out their hands, and uttered the words, "ucca." Uncle Tom did not know what they meant, but thought

they desired something he had; so he held out his fishing rods. All of them shook their heads, and said, "ucca, ucca." Uncle Tom pulled out his knife but they only repeated "ucca, ucca." Then he thought they surely wished money; so he showed them his purse, only to hear them repeat the same word. He judged from their appearance that they had been drinking whiskey, and were craving more. He made the sign for something to drink and they all agreed, by nodding their heads, and they yelled, "ucca."

He had no whiskey, and did not know how to get rid of them. If he had refused they might have thrown him over the bridge into the water, or they might have scalped him. By signs he proposed that they go with him to the village, Warsaw. There he thought he might satisfy them. Followed by all five, he went into a barroom and bought some whiskey. While they were busy drinking he slipped out of the back door, thinking he was rid of them. But he found later that he was not.

As soon as they had finished their drinks, they asked the bar keeper for the kind, pale faced man. He told them he did not know where he was. Nevertheless they insisted that they must see him; so in order to have peace the keeper sent for Uncle Tom, who was not very anxious to return, but since he had brought them into the village, he thought it was his duty. When the Indians saw him they seemed to be much pleased, and two of them, forming a saddle, by crossing their hands, pointed to him to take a seat. Uncle Tom did not know what was going to happen, but quietly took his seat. Then, with singing and shouting they galloped him over the town, two or three times. After this they mounted their horses and rode away. They thought they had given Uncle Tom a great pleasure.

## THE WILSON SCHOOL.

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JOSEPHINE SCOTT, '05.

North Carolina has been fortunate in her schools for boys since the day of David Caldwell of Revolutionary times. The University, the Horner, the Wilson, the Bingham School, the Hughes, and many not so widely known as these, have been a blessing to the State.

It is of the Wilson School that this paper is written, and particularly of the one at Melville. Reverend Alexander Wilson was born near Belfast, Ireland, February 1, 1799. His parents were earnest Christians, who consecrated him to God with the hope that he might preach the Gospel. In view of this fact, he was well educated, but his voice was feeble, so he turned his attention to the study of medicine. He came to this country in 1818, and married a lady in Baltimore that same year. He soon afterward came to Raleigh, where he was associated with Dr. Wm. McPheeters for two years in the Raleigh Male Academy. In 1820 Dr. Wilson taught a high school at Williamsborough, North Carolina, which had been established by Bishop Ravenscroft. While at Williamsborough, he conducted a prayer meeting with such results that he was led to believe it his duty to enter the ministry. Accordingly, he was licensed by Orange Presbytery in 1830, and was for four years pastor of Spring Garden Church in Granville County. Those days preaching and teaching went together, and in 1835 he was selected by Orange Presbytery as head of the Caldwell Institute, located at Greensboro. This school was moved to Hillsboro in 1845, and Dr. Wilson continued to act as president and professor of Greek. Associated with him here were Rev. John A. Bingham, professor of Latin, and Ralph H. Graves, professor of Mathematics.

Dr. Wilson, much hampered by the Trustees in the control of the school, and because it was difficult to discipline the students on

account of there being so much dissipation in Hillsboro, preferred to establish a private classical school. About this time there was a fine piece of property for sale for a low sum at Burnt Shop, Alamance County. It was a beautiful site for a school, the country was healthful, and the morality of the section, good. After some conference with Henderson Scott, Dr. Wilson bought this place, naming his home Melville. The name of the post-office was soon afterwards changed from Burnt Shop to Melville.

Good board was offered at six dollars per month, but Dr. Wilson told those who were going to take boarders, that eight dollars was none too much. Board included everything, except laundry and lights. The food given was said to be abundant and well prepared. He charged one hundred dollars for a term of ten months, to those who came from a distance. Local students paid fifty dollars.

In August, 1851, the first session opened with most of the boys from Greensboro. Among these were the Lindseys, John Gilmer and John Logan. The number of students was seven, but after the second session, opening January 1, 1852, the number increased so rapidly that, until after the Civil War, he rejected more pupils than he took. This was from lack of room, and because he did not want the care and discipline of a large school. Dr. Wilson never had more than seventy-five boys. His sons, Alexander and Robert were his assistants, until after the Civil War, when Dr. John M. Wilson took the place of Alexander, or "Little Doc.," as he was called to distinguish him from his father, "Old Doc." The school building contained three rooms, two in front, and one in the rear. Dr. Wilson taught in the main front room, "Little Doc." in the back one, and, a part of the time, Mr. Robert Wilson in the other front room. The building was unpainted and scarcely cost five hundred dollars, yet the Wilson school was known all over the South.

Dr. Wilson was a man of mild manners and gentle aspect, and in his preaching dwelt more on the love of God than on His judge-

ments. His was a lovable character, yet he was firm, clear-sighted, and could be inexorable. He believed in corporal punishment, but usually he punished by ridicule and sarcasm, so that those who fell under his discipline thought it severe. One of his pupils says, "I never knew an idle or an obscene word to pass from his lips; never a syllable that the most sensitive woman would blush to hear. I never knew a man who could express more contempt in a single word or look. He had a ready and polished wit, like all highly educated Irishmen, and he also possessed an exquisite humor."

Dr. Wilson required regular attendance and strict attention from all of his pupils. His great success as a teacher was due to thorough work, to teaching his pupils how to study, how to use text books, and how to think for themselves. Dr. Wilson was a master teacher of the Latin and Greek languages. It is interesting to know that in his study of medicine, he began tracing the formation and meaning of the Greek Words, and thus formed a love for the language. He was a scholarly man; he loved and appreciated a good writer, good books and fine libraries, of which he owned a valuable one.

To know the influence of this school, one has only to glance over the list of students, and note that some have made a national reputation, as Hannis Taylor of Alabama, and Robert Van Wyck, Mayor of New York City; among the lawyers are Judges Reid, Settle, Dillard, Burwell, Dick, and R. W. Hughes of Virginia; among the governors, Holt, Scales, and Epperson of Texas. Others were S. L. Patterson, A. W. Graham, Eugene Morehead, John Henderson, Lawrence Holt, and T. B. Bailey whose name, together with others, is cut on the door of "Buzzard's Roost," the name given by the boys to the place they roomed in. The old Academy building was torn down in November, 1902. The last student to see it was Shakespeare Harris of Cabarrus county, who came to Melville especially to see it. "Buzzard Roost" and the

other buildings at Dr. Wilson's are still standing, although some have been moved from their original places.

Whenever a company of young people get together, there are always funny things "happening." So it was at Melville Academy, and if two or more of the old students get together, one is sure to be entertained by the story of some joke or prank. This is one of the stories told yet in the neighborhood. It was against the rules for the boys to go to Haw River without permission. One day three boys slipped away and were having a good time, when they were seen and reported by a young gentleman. Not long afterwards this gentleman came in a cart to call on a young lady in the neighborhood. These same boys took the cart, and sat in it, one acted as horse, and the other pushed. They were going along nicely, when some boy called out, "There comes Old Doc.," and the boy pulling the cart dropped the shafts, letting the boy in the cart pitch forward on his head. They all ran, but finding that "Old Doc." was not coming, they returned to drag the cart to Haw Creek, where it was left. It took the negroes all of Monday to find it, and the gentleman had to be sent home by his host. Mr. T. B. Bailey says that he knew almost every rock in Haw River, for miles up and down from Ruffin's Mill, now Swepsonville.

Dr. Wilson died July 22, 1867, and is buried at Hawfields Presbyterian church. "A nobler gentleman, a more upright man, an abler teacher, a truer patriot never adopted and graced the old North State" was written of him. After his death, the school was continued for some time by Dr. John Wilson (who was not related to Dr. Alexander Wilson) but it did not succeed.

The influence of that school is still bearing fruit. It is due much to its influence that after a number of years the people of the community have decided to have another somewhat like it, and have built a handsome graded school building.

## INVOCATION.

Translation from Horace.

ETHEL LEWIS HARRIS, '05.

“Lend me your aid, O heavenly Muse !  
Propitious be to me henceforth,  
As in past days thou hast been used,  
So loyal am I evermore !

“Grant to me that strength of mind,  
More worth than force devoid of judgment,  
For this to greatest of mankind,  
The noble Caesar thou didst send.

“By power like this great Jove did win  
A vict'ry o'er the Latin horde,  
And thus did our Augustus win  
The civil strife o'er noble lord.”

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A TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

(Ninth Ode, First Book.)

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MARY WELDON HUSKE, '05.

Deep lies the snow on Soracte's high summit ;  
Low bend the bows of the frost-laden trees ;  
Over the river is spread an ice covering,  
Made by the cold of the sharp winter's breeze.  
Heap up the wood on the wide open hearth-stone ;  
Let the bright glow bid defiance to cold ;  
Bring in thy wine, O good Thaliarchus,  
Ancient and red in the great Sabine bowl.

Leave all the rest of the world to the gods' care,  
Theirs is the power that all nature binds,  
Thou canst do nothing because of thy weakness,  
But Jupiter stills both the forest and winds.

Count to-day's life as thy richest blessings ;  
Seek not to learn what the future shall be.  
Spurn not the passion of youth nor its dances,  
So long as thy tresses from silver are free.  
Youth is the time for games and for strolling ;  
For murmuring of lovers at sweet close of day ;  
For stealing the rings of mischievous maiden  
Whose laughter discloses her hiding away.

EXCHANGES.

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ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, '04.

For the last time the present exchange editor sits before the exchanges piled upon the table, and wonders what magazines most deserve mention, and what articles in those magazines should be most praised, or perchance, most censured for lack of praise-worthiness. It is almost with regret that the work must be given over to some one else, for it has been a pleasure to conduct the exchange department. With few exceptions the magazines which have come to us within the last two years have been interesting, to say the least, and have often been helpful.

The May numbers have not come in so it is the April numbers which must be considered.

We are glad to welcome the Monroe College Monthly, and hope to have it as a regular visitor next year. It opens with a sketch, "The Mantle of Dryden," followed by several "Studies in Bryant." These sketches are about like the ordinary class-room work of any English department and contain nothing very original. "After Many Years" is a pleasing story, with a brightness of style that holds the interest of the readers throughout.

The Pine and Thistle, being devoted almost entirely to the literary contest between the two societies, is above its usual good standard. The essays, stories and poems are all well written.

The Guilford Collegian stands almost pre-eminent among our exchanges for its dignity and purity of expression. If college evils exist there, no hint of such thing enters the magazine. This contains a picture of Mrs. P. B. Hackney, followed by a sketch of her life. This is particularly interesting to us since the daughter mentioned in the sketch is a member of our Faculty.

The Richmond College Messenger compares favorably with our other exchanges, being almost equal to some of the University

magazines. The first contribution, "Susan Archer Talley, Virginia's Greatest Female Poet," is a good article. It is worthy of much praise, not alone for its excellence of diction and form, but because it is an attempt to rescue from oblivion the name of one of our Southern writers. Would that more of our Southern students would take the time and pains to bring other names out of obscurity. "The Minor Chord" is one of the best stories we have seen this year.

There are several good articles in the Davidson College Magazine. The essay on college athletics is worthy of mention. "The Tyranny of Wealth" is rather pessimistic but is well-written. The stories are ordinary. The exchange department in this magazine is quite unique. In the first place it is unusual for the exchange editor to refer to himself as the "Exman" nineteen times in one department. Then, too, the attack on the magazines from the "female colleges" is entirely uncalled for and proves the truth of the saying that "comparisons are odorous" or as is sometimes aptly written "odious." In our opinion the Hollins Quarterly is fully as excellent as at least two of the magazines in the list of ten.

A few days ago we received a copy of the *alumnæ* number of the Collegian, from Louisburg Female College. It is delightfully entertaining with its quaint, old-fashioned pictures and its contributions from *alumnæ* who were maidens half a century ago. It reminds one of turning the pages of some old volume between whose leaves lie roses that still shed perfume, although they have lain there many years.

Finally, we wish all the exchanges success. May their pages always be full of good things, and may the editors never become discouraged.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

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TEMPE HILLIARD DAMERON, '04.

General William H. Payne, a distinguished Confederate officer, died March twenty-ninth in his seventy-fourth year.

Burton Harrison, who was Jefferson Davis' secretary during the Civil War, died March twenty-ninth.

On April first Ernest Russel, editor of *Public Opinion*, died in his forty-fourth year.

Dr. William Latham, of Indiana, the oldest teacher of the deaf in the United States, died on April fifth.

Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., the distinguished English surgeon, died on April eighteenth.

An American war charity, the Perry Memorial Relief Fund, was organized at Tokio on March thirty-first.

On April nineteenth the House passed a bill for the admission of the two new States formed from Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arizona and New Mexico. The first two are to be admitted under the name of Oklahoma, the last two, under the name of Arizona.

The American Hawaiian Steamship, *Nebraska*, on March twenty-ninth, completed a voyage of twelve thousand, seven hundred and twenty-four nautical miles, from San Diego, California, to New York, steaming the entire distance with crude California oil as her only fuel.

On March twenty-eight, United States Senator Joseph Burton, of Kansas, was found guilty, at St. Louis, of accepting fees to use his influence with the Postoffice Department to prevent a fraud order being issued against the Rialto Grain and Security Company, —the first instance of the kind in the history of the United States.

## ALUMNÆ AND FORMER STUDENTS.

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JULIA GRAY HAMLIN, '04.

Lizzie Zoeller, '01, is at her home at Tarboro.

Iva Townsend is teaching at her home near Concord.

Myra Hunter is teaching near her home at Brunkleyville.

Mamie Hunter is teaching at Enfield.

The following are teaching in the graded schools of Concord:

Mary Lewis Harris, Sallie Whitaker, Addie White.

Lula Noell, '02, is attending the Exposition at St. Louis.

Annette Morton and Annie Harrison, of the class of '02, are teaching in the graded schools of Wilmington.

Ruth Borden is teaching music at Plymouth.

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## MARRIAGES.

Esther Milton was married May 4th to Mr. Crowson, of Wadesboro.

Lizze Howell, '00, was married during the past spring to Mr. Clifton, of Louisburg.

Annie Parker, '95, was married May 4th to Mr. W. C. Cooke, a prominent business man of Georgetown, S. C.

## AMONG OURSELVES.

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MILLIE ARCHER, '04.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. A. Hammell entertained the Senior class at their home on Spring Garden street, April 15, 1904. Our color scheme was carried out in detail. We played Pit but instead of the usual score cards we had wire bracelets tied with our colors. The winners of each game received lavender buttons to put on their bracelet and the losers received white buttons. Mary Jones won the first prize—a gold crescent. Mrs. Hammell came in with a basket of hat pins and gave each of us a golf bag containing two hat pins. The refreshments were delicious, and how we girls enjoyed them! With what relish we ate the diploma cake scroll, the lavender and white cakes with '04 on them, and all the other good things. We had a lovely time.

On Saturday afternoon, May 21, Dr. and Mrs. McIver entertained the Senior class, the Post-graduates, and the presidents from the lower classes. We drove to Guilford Battle Ground in hacks decorated in the College colors—white and gold. Many of us had never been to the Battle Ground, which is full of interest, with its museum and its monuments. About six o'clock we went to Clyde Spring and found that Mrs. McIver had prepared a beautiful spread for us on table cloths on the grass. The ride to the Battle Ground had given us an appetite and we ate the fried chicken, beaten biscuit, sandwiches, olives, pickles, cake, fruit and other good things with the school girl relish. On the delightful return trip everybody sang old songs that promote good feeling and again we had a lovely time.

On Tuesday evening, May 17, 1904, the Seniors were all delighted when they received notes from Mr. and Mrs. Foust saying that they would be pleased to have the pleasure of our company on a trolley ride at eight o'clock. There was no doubt about

our being pleased, and eight o'clock found a jolly crowd of Seniors, Post graduates and Practice School Supervising Teachers on board, bound for Lindley Park.

Next we went to South Greensboro and to Proximity, singing and laughing as we went. We were having the most pleasant time imaginable, when, suddenly we stopped at the Benbow Hotel and much to our surprise Mr. Foust told us that this was our destination for awhile. Soon we were shown into the dining room, where we fairly gasped at the sight that met our view. Everything that could delight a school girl's heart was there, from chicken salad to candy, nuts and raisins.

All too soon the time came for us to board the car and turn our faces college-ward. We tried, but we could not tell Mr. and Mrs. Foust what a lovely time they had given us.

The Sophomore class rallied around their class tree on its birthday, April 29. Immediately after tea the Sophomore's dressed in white marched across the grass to their tree and gave a yell and sang their song. Their President delivered an address.

Last year on May 8th the class of 1905 planted ivy on the stone wall in front of the main buildng. It died except one piece and this year on May 8th they held memorial exercises over the ivy. Friday morning each junior came out with a piece of black ribbon pinned to her waist. In the evening after tea each of them came out with a band of black ribbon on her arm. They assembled at Dr. McIver's residence and marched across the grass with bowed heads and handkerchiefs to their eyes. The first four girls of the line had enormous black bows on the arm, because they were chief mourners. In spite of the fact that some of the ivy still lived they sang, "Weeping to-night," and had sad addresses. Each girl laid a flower at the foot of the wall and then marched to the main building.

At the annual meeting of the old and new marshals, after the business meeting, Dr. McIver had delicious cream and cake served

to us. The cream was the best we have ever tasted but the surprise was almost as good as the cream.

Dr. and Mrs. McIver entertained the Junior class at their home on Friday evening, May 15. The entertainment was very informal and the girls all enjoyed it. Several persons gave readings, sang or played. Cream and cake was served.

Miss Jones took the Seniors who have been in her care on a trolley ride. Before their return she invited them in to Fariss', where they enjoyed his fine cream.

It is a custom of the class of '04 to take breakfast at the same table on the birthday of the tree, and Mrs. Davis gave us a delightful breakfast on our last anniversary. We ate the steak, delicious muffin and other good things and felt for our friends who were eating hash and biscuit. We all wish to thank Mrs. Davis individually and as a class for the lovely breakfast she gave us.

May 2, the Senior class of N. C. State Normal and Industrial College took the annual trip. From our Freshman year we had planned to have a class trip to Washington, but the fire in January made this impracticable. But there were twenty-eight of us determined to have a trip, so on May 2 we chartered a car and at 4:15 went to White Oak. We were surprised and delighted to find there were some things even at White Oak that we had never seen. The mills that are being built there are the largest in the South, and we went over them. We came back and had supper and enjoyed our little outing as much as if it had been a trip to Washington.

Susie Williams and Swanna Pickett entertained the presidents of the four classes in the dining room of the cooking department. The menu cards were beautiful little hand-painted banners, those of the different classes. Needless to say that every one present enjoyed the evening.

## COMMENCEMENT.

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CLASS SONG.

Give a rouse then in the May time  
For the class that knows no fear,  
Turn your partings into greetings,  
Say your farewells with good cheer.  
Though soon we must sever,  
We'll be gay while together,  
With a cheer for our willow,  
And our voices ringing clear.

Though our hearts are wildly beating  
O'er the future's mystic store,  
Our minds are ever turning  
To the joys that are no more.  
For its birds of a feather,  
When '04's get together,  
With a cheer for our willow,  
And a heart without a care.

Then farewell Alma Mater,  
And our sisters one and all,  
As you slowly climb the ladder  
May richest blessings on you fall;  
For life slips its tether,  
When '04's get together,  
Give a cheer for our willow,  
In the fellowship of spring.

Though we leave thee Alma Mater,  
And the joys of by-gone days,  
And go bravely forth to battle  
With stern and worldly ways,  
But again in fair weather,  
We Seniors will get together,  
Give a cheer for our willow,  
And the class of nineteen-four.

## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR.

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ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, '04.

### PREFACE.

The object of this work has been to give as vivid a picture of the main facts in the history of the illustrious company known as the class of 1904 as can be comprised within the limits of a small volume. (Before I go farther I must tell you that this is the preface to this book. I have observed in my study of history that most historians write a preface.) As Mr. Grote would say, "The task of giving an authentic history of the class has been undertaken not without a painful consciousness how much the deed falls short of the will, and a yet more painful conviction that full success is rendered impossible by an obstacle which no human ability can now remedy, the insufficiency of original evidence." We possess only a few ashes to remind us of all the early deeds of our famous twenty-eight, and it is with grief and surprise that we see material of so great value forever shut out from the knowledge of man.

It is hardly necessary to observe that the author has availed herself of the assistance of those whose information is greater than her own, who feel an interest second to none in the success of this undertaking. Many thanks are due to those who have given such willing assistance.

### CHAPTER I.—EARLY HISTORY OF THE CLASS.

For the beginnings of the history of this class we must look away from the State Normal College, but not outside the boundaries of North Carolina, for all of us are Tar Heels. In the seven or eight years preceding the year 1900 no one would have thought those romping country girls climbing the orchard trees with their brothers, or crawling under barn floors to look for hen's nests, would in a short time be members of so distinguished a body as the class of

1904. They would hardly have thought so either when these same maidens sat in a log school-house writing notes to the boys when they should have been studying, or stealing a piece of bread and butter out of their lunch-baskets before recess. Now with those who attended the graded schools it was different. They were promoted year after year, until it became only a question of time with them until they should also have completed the four years college course.

#### CHAPTER II.—FRESHMAN VICTORIES.

Considering difference of environment it is not wonderful that we presented a greater variety of appearance upon our first arrival at college than we do at the present time. Our dresses as we first gathered in the front hall of the Brick Dormitory could hardly be called a symphony in color, but there was at least harmony of spirit prevailing, for we all possessed our souls in fear and trembling. Teachers in front of us, Seniors to right of us, Juniors to left of us, laughed at and advised us, and it was not long before our brave sixty organized and started out upon the race for the goal that was four years distant.

We bore with patience the terrible ordeal of initiation into the literary societies, we studied hard, and felt that we were really climbing when, armed with spades and knives we went from valley to hilltop in search of Botany specimens. Our motto, "Non scholæ sed vitæ discemus" helped us when we were tired, and the sight of our colors was so inspiring that when we were drawn up on the basket ball field in battle array not all the battalions of the Sophomores could beat down our valiant host. And we won as the reward of our bravery the trophy cup presented to the Athletic Association by the class of 1900.

#### CHAPTER III.—SOPHOMORES.

When the year 1902 opened we realized the truth of the words that "we rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things." Our childhood days seemed not so remote as the time

when we were freshmen. But we remembered that we had been entertained when we were freshmen by the Sophomores, who gave us a play called the "Chinese Dummy." Now that we were Sophomores we must entertain the Freshmen. On April the first of this year we invited them to "The Fool's Paradise" and they came in flocks, notwithstanding their disappointment because our invitation had interferred with a plan of theirs to entertain us. It was hard on them, since they had already gone to the expense of buying salted peanuts for refreshments, but they did not waste the peanuts, as you will understand later.

It was in this year that we planted our tree, a willow oak, and none of our experiences have been more enjoyable than our class breakfasts together, held once a year after a rally around our tree on its birthday.

In this year, too, our beautiful lavender and white flag was presented to the class by Miss Kirkland, who has always been chief friend and counsellor of our class. Again we won the trophy cup and the air resounded with our yell.

#### CHAPTER IV.—OUR JUNIOR DAYS.

When our Junior year came we had found that there was no time for play if we expected to finish the course at the State Normal and Industrial College, and we went to work with redoubled energy. It was not an unusual sight to see a poor Junior carrying ten books at a time.

Our behavior this year must perforce be very discreet since there was no telling who might be elected as marshals to assist Dr. McIver in the management of the institution.

In the spring we made the hearts of the Senior's glad by inviting them to a valentine party, where they each received a valentine and had to write one.

At the end of the year we were again successful in the basketball tournament and the trophy cup became ours for all time.

## CHAPTER V.—SENIORHOOD.

In many respects our Senior year has been the happiest of all. But here have been some trying experiences. We had supposed that after our study of Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Herbart, the principles of apperception, and other psychological theories, that we could surely teach in the Practice School with such intelligence and tact that our success as teachers would be assured, and we would be sent forth as great and shining lights. But "Pride goeth before a fall" and our theories did not keep us out of the dust when we stood before a class of thirty mischief-makers with not a thought in our minds except the tantalizing one that the supervisor was looking on and making a note of the fact that we were making a failure of that lesson. It was difficult even to march the children out to the play ground, but we usually managed to say "Left, right" quite steadily, and were careful to keep the lines straight. Practice makes perfect, and although none of us claim to be perfect as yet, we are more nearly perfect as teachers than we were at the beginning of this year.

None of us can ever forget that terrible night in January when the hoarse cries of "fire!" broke in upon our slumbers, and we realized that there was no time to lose if we would escape from the greedy flames that hissed and coiled around our building like some huge Python seeking whom it might devour. Happy were we to find that all had escaped, but it was with genuine sorrow that we saw our noble building in the dust. The kindness and sympathy of friends, however, diminished our distress, and the three weeks at home during the suspension of school restored peace, courage, and —clothing.

Close upon our return followed the writing of essays. Long and hard was the struggle, many were the trials, until finally all the essays were accepted and the work was done.

No class in the history of the college has had so many social festivities in the Senior year as the class of 1904. They began before Christmas when the Junior's invited us to a theatre party,

Imagine our surprise when after the curtain had gone down on the first act of "The Sword of Justice," we were regaled with those same salted peanuts they had bought for us in their freshman year.

In April, Mr. and Mrs. Hammell entertained us most charmingly at their home on Spring Garden street. Nothing was lacking to our enjoyment. The soft lights, the artistic decorations, the odor of lilac and apple blossoms, music, games, dainty refreshments were alike pleasing.

When an invitation to a car ride to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Foust was received no one guessed that it was to be concluded by a royal banquet at the Benbow Hotel; and who could guess that we were to have a delightful luncheon at sunset in Clyde Park when we were given a drive to the Guilford Battle Ground by Dr. and Mrs. McIver. Another delightful entertainment was the concert given in our honor by the Greensboro Quartette. Indeed there have been so many unexpected pleasures that we had to wear white dresses nearly all the time to be ready for a reception.

So the time has been spent. The days that are now will soon be numbered with those that are past, and these will be followed in turn by the days that shall be, but throughout our whole lives, our thoughts will often turn to our beloved Alma Mater and we shall live over in memory the days spent as the class of 1904.

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#### CLASS PROPHECY FOR 1904.

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SWANNA PICKETT, '04.

When my class chose me prophet I was well nigh overcome with fear and surprise. Quite sure that I had never revealed any powers of that kind, I knew not how I was so to deceive my friends as to make them believe I could penetrate the boundaries of the future and disclose the coming years.

After all my plans had failed and I was in desperation, I sat alone

in my room one night thinking of my futile attempts to perform my duty, to serve my class, to accomplish what was expected of me by my companions. Then it was that something—it seemed a breeze—touched my hand and a gentle voice bade me be of good cheer. My unknown friend, I could not see, but he whispered in my ear secrets that are unknown to the greatest chemists of the land, secrets which, he said, would reveal the whole future to one complying with his requirements. But what seemed to me more wonderful, he said that unseen spirits would not only show me a picture of each girl's future, but would also write it that all may read.

Therefore it is that I have tonight followed his directions and dressed myself in the garb of one who is a friend of the mystic spirits that tell of coming days. With this portion, that my unseen messenger commended, I shall deceive those little imps, make them think I am one of their kind and learn from them secrets that have never before been told to mortal beings. I shall so charm them with my chant and cauldron that all means will fail to call them away, and even the old witches will be surprised at not being able to recall their servants, and shall wonder what great sorceress has entered their weird realm.

Hush ! Be still, and see what awaits you !

Round about the cauldron go,  
In the mixture essays throw,  
Work that to be done  
Days and nights took thirty-one,  
Wearied seniors sleeping not  
Would drop these in the mystic pot.  
Double, double, boil and bubble  
Fire burn, but bring no trouble.

Biscuits from the dining room on the sly I take  
And in the cauldron boil and bake.  
Agitations of the learned Hoyle  
In the cauldron next shall boil.  
Yard of lace from Stewart fair,  
Comb from Killian's tumbled hair,

Tongue of Mary Jones supply,  
(Surely then the words will fly.)  
A pound of flesh from Lettie, small,  
Generously given—'twas her all,  
For Rosa Wells a pierced heart  
Often wounded by Buerbaum's darts,  
A pillow for Marie with stamps to mail  
So that to get it he shall not fail.  
Next a quick step that Eugenia played  
And surely a vision will be made.  
Na:halie Smith's infectious giggle  
Makes the portion squirm and wriggle.  
Rawls' brow will add a frown  
To cool the bubbling mixture down.  
Colored stuffs on Susie's hair  
That day by day she places there  
And never for one time forgot,  
Boil we next in the charmed pot.  
Along with these are emblems thrown  
By which the fates of witches are known.  
Double, double, boil and bubble,  
Fire burn but bring no trouble.  
Double—Peace !  
The charm's wound up.  
In the steam of the cauldron a picture I see,  
Of the class of '04, as it is to be.

In the first year after graduation and for seven consecutive years Elizabeth Rawls returns to the Normal College and at the end of that time received the highest reward for work done there, and is made equal and one with the faculty.

Florence Ledbetter next appears carrying under each arm a large black book. Now she is sitting about a desk almost buried among those ponderous volumes, whose contents I cannot ascertain. Ah! At last I have learned her avocation—as she stands before the bar pleading the cause of an unfortunate rascal. Scene after scene is passing, portraying her in her chosen field of work—until now she is upon the bench of the Supreme Court of North Carolina—the first woman to hold such a position.

Julia Hamlin. She goes to one of our Northern cities for a more thorough study of music. After her brilliant success there, she decides to finish her course by a few months in Europe. During this time a certain friend continues to cheer and encourage her with his gifts of oranges and flowers, until upon her return she agrees to a proposition he has often made, and wears the orange flowers for him.

Charlotte Ireland. Still unfortunate! The charms reveal a few years of disappointment for her, but here comes happiness and contentment. After many unsuccessful and discouraging attempts to secure an Episcopal minister, she finds a solace in devoting her powers to the training of children in the mill districts.

Evelyn Royall.

Boil cauldron, bubble all,  
Show me Evelyn Royall.

Another member of the class devoting her life to service of humanity. In the hospital wards, she consecrates her powers to relieving the suffering bodies and brightening the troubled hearts, so that many live to bless her name.

Tempe Dameron. Uh!—she's a puzzle. I see her bending over a desk, surrounded by books and papers, and always scribbling—but I don't understand—and what's that building? The Library of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College. Now the interior of the building appears and—why of course, why did I not understand before? Among the works of history is a long shelf filled with books bearing the signature, Tempe H. Dameron.

Mattie Taylor appears in cap and apron. She seems to be in large cities conducting cooking classes and lecturing upon the best methods of preparing foods. Her classes are crowded and many refused admission, because of the large numbers desiring to attend. It is very apparent that she is to be the Mrs. Rorer of the South.

Nat Smith. As she never does anything that is not worth while, it is not surprising to see her, after a few years' work in the public schools of North Carolina, going down a narrow street of Boston with a band of rag-a-muffins following her, while others call to her

from many unseen and unthought of places. She has left the more systematic work in our school rooms to go to corners where others would not go, and devote her life to the uplifting of the so-called tenement children. Their affection for her indicates that she has reached their young hearts, and suggests the influence she will have upon their lives.

Marie Buys. Five years work as secretary of the Woman's Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses, relieves Marie Buys of her timidity, and before the end of the fifth year she is going all over the State arousing the women to a realization of their responsibilities and opportunities by her eloquent stump speeches.

Another scene shows James Sprunt Institute with Kate Barden at its head. Many young men and women are being trained in this institution and are going forth as citizens to honor their Alma Mater and its president. With all the work incident to such a position, she never refuses to assist one struggling through Trigonometry, Conic-Sections, or anything else—and after many years is still able to read Latin, French and German without even "looking up" the words.

Millie Archer. Immediately after leaving the College she plunges into society with so much zeal that everybody thinks she will be married within six months at the latest, but strange as it may seem, year after year passes and she still remains Miss Millie Archer—until at length, disheartened, she withdraws from society and is seen only on Leap years.

Eugenia Harris will carry out her plans of going to Texas. There she meets and joins hands with a cow boy, decides to live upon a ranch and turns her attention to poultry raising.

Maude Hoyle. Although her life is that of a teacher it is brightened by many social advantages. Though always she is accompanied by her father—and she continues to "come with pa, and go back with pa," until her ideal Gibson man comes along and relieves Pa of the responsibility.

Eugenia Satterwhite. After three or four years, Eugenia Satterwhite is filling the place of Register of Deeds. Again—and she is elected to the mayoralty of her home town, while the latest vision shows her entering upon a campaign as candidate for Representative to the Legislature.

After five years study in France, Maggie Burkett is occupying the chair of French at Vassar.

Mattie Williams. From her earnest, convincing argument I learn that she has a plan on foot for the construction of a road from Warrenton to New Berne, via Greensboro. Her success in this and many other great undertakings is followed by her appearance at the head of a Reform School for Boys in North Carolina.

Annie Belle Hoyle joins the ranks of the Salvation Army—not the organized band—and by her sweet disposition and gentle manners wins the honor and servile obedience of a certain Wake Forest graduate.

Mary Jones—Huh! Carrie(?). Oh! Carrie Nation lays down her axe, Mary Jones takes it up and carries on the work with more zeal and success than her predecessor displayed. After many years her name is on the list of great women just under that of Francis Willard.

Anna Killian. Anna becomes an advocate for reforms in athletics. She argues that the energy expended in basket-ball might be spent with the same gain physically upon some remunerative exercise. She selects farming and so systematic is she in her new form of recreation that all go to their work at the command of the drum.

Berlie Harris appears in the mountain districts, awakening the people to the importance of good reading matter. Several Harris Libraries go from place to place, making bright the evenings for many a boy and girl as a result of her exertions.

The twins, May Stewart and Susie Williams, are soon separated. Early in the autumn, May announces her marriage to be in October. She is married and "lives happily ever after." Five years

hard study and work prepares Susie for the place of resident physician at the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College; a position which she holds until she resigns to become physician and surgeon at the Roman Catholic Hospital, near Proximity. But of course all people, no matter how busy, have hobbies in which they indulge in their leisure moments. Hers are horticulture, making a compilation of jokes upon her friends and neighbors, reading Latin poems, and sometimes—preparing hair dyes.

Katherine Nash first appears at a ball, then at different places and upon various occasions, always accompanied by the same gentleman—until—apparently sad and gloomy, she is in her room, packing her trunk. She has been disappointed in love, but takes a practical view of the matter, buries the past, and decides to join her friend Nat Smith in the work among the poor children of Boston.

Mabel Graeber first teaches in the schools at her home, but later becomes interested in Woman's Rights and resigns her position to become the leader in a great revolution among the women of the State.

Rose Wells. After a year or two Rosa Wells is at the University of North Carolina studying Geology, Zoology and Botany. Later she goes to Germany for three years' study, and upon her return is made a professor of Natural Science at Tulane University. Her vocation calls for frequent communions with nature and she is often seen making explorations in her automobile.

Lettie Glass leads a busy life from the time she leaves college. The two years spent in teaching hold very little leisure time for her. Then when this is followed by her marriage to a Presbyterian minister her hours are ever more completely filled. Instead of a grade, she now has to look after a whole parish. On Monday afternoon she attends the Ladies' Home Mission Society, Tuesday, a Biblical Society; Wednesday, the Busy Bee Band; Wednesday evening, conducts prayer meeting; Thursday, visits the sick of the parish; Friday, attends the Ladies' Aid Society; Saturday, looks

after Sunday's baking and cooking and darns the clothes. That night she studies her Sunday School lesson. Sunday mornings, bright and early, she is awake to be ready for Sunday School. When she has taught her class of little tots, she takes her seat at the front, with her bonnet strings tied under her chin in a parson's butterfly bow, and an angelic look upon her face, preparatory to listening to her husband expound the Scriptures to the congregation.

The fire burns low, the vapors cease  
Now from my charms the spirits I'll release,  
For all is told—all is told  
And the future's secrets now you hold.  
Farewell !

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PROGRAM  
OF  
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

TWELFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

MAY 25TH, 26TH, 27TH, 1904.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 25TH.

3 P. M. Meeting of Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies.

6 P. M. Class Day Exercises.

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THURSDAY, MAY 26TH.

11 A. M. Sermon, Rev. Robert Strange, D. D., Richmond, Va.

3 P. M. Laying Corner Stone of New Dormitory Building by Grand Lodge  
Masons.

8:30 P. M. Representative Essays of Graduating Class.

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FRIDAY, MAY 27TH.

11 A. M. Commencement Address, Governor Charles B. Aycock.

3 P. M. Annual Meeting of Alumnae Association.

## MARSHALS.

Clara Spicer, *Chief*, Wayne.  
Bessie Crowell, Mecklenburg.  
Sadie Davis, Rowan.  
Mary Huske, Cumberland.  
Annie McIver, Guilford.  
Edna Reinhardt, Lincoln.  
Emma Sharpe, Guilford.  
Annie Shuford, Catawba.  
Lelia Styron, Craven.  
Rebekah Warlick, Catawba.  
May Williams, Catawba.

The Commencement of 1903-1904 has passed on to be numbered with its eleven predecessors, each one "the best in the history of the College." This is no sarcasm or paradox for what is worth while if we do not improve with each effort.

Because of loss of time occasioned by the fire, the College closing was later than the year's schedule had advertised. For the same reason our Commencement exercises were so condensed that we did in two days quite as much as is usually accomplished in the four days heretofore allotted to the occasion.

We all agree among ourselves that it has remained with the Class of '04 to present unique exercises, the most original, the most pleasing of the dozen which our students have held. Again be it remembered that the latest class has profited by the successes of its forerunners as wise men and women must ever do.

These class day exercises were held partly in the Assembly Hall and partly on the Campus. Annie Belle Hoyle, of Wake, was the historian. Her paper—given in this issue of THE MAGAZINE—was illustrated with living pictures. The beginnings of the class, "Away Back in the Last Century," were shown in the procession of small girls with their small boy escorts carry tin buckets and book bags on their way to the little school houses in the forest, by the river, on the sand-downs of the East, on the green hills of the

Piedmont, on the towering mountains of the West. Now and then in the picture one saw the town child braided hair, ribbon bows, embroidered book bag, dainty lunch basket, hastening to the Graded School.

The Freshman year was pictured by a determined looking body of young aspirants for the distant diploma armed with knives, spades and Botany presses and proudly carrying the newly won Athletic trophy cup, and the beautiful banner under which they have steadily marched to the victory of this Commencement time. The Sophomores came on with their store of wisdom the trophy cup and the banner. The Junior year was illustrated by the long line of serious looking maidens laden with books—no longer in bags—but piled high on the aching arms, all watching anxiously the near future when Marshalships were to be voted for. Again the trophy cup and the banner were proudly displayed. Who can know, but those who saw, the gravity and the dignity, the fear and the anxiety, the pride and the satisfaction which marked the faces and bearing of the Seniors as they filed across the rostrum poring over essays and still bearing aloft the precious banner and the dainty trophy cup too, which they have won each year of their College life.

The Prophet of the Class, Swanna Pickett, of Randolph county, appeared in the costume of the Gipsy fortune-teller sitting before the awful cauldron from which in lurid flames the little foibles of each class member went up in smoke, burned out and forgotten. Then the "weird sister" told one by one to her mates, gathered about her on the floor, the futures awaiting them, fair bright lots as are meet for the girls of '04.

Around the tender willow tree on the campus they gathered; attended by the under classes and the faculty—buried the ashes of their records and sang the class song for the last time as an unbroken band.

The concert given by the graduates in Music under Miss Brockmann's direction was held in the Assembly Hall. The students

were Eugenia Harris, Julia Hamlin and May Stewart, assisted by Ethel Harris, '05, and by Mrs. Sharpe and Mr. Brockmann, of the Faculty. The following is the program, which was successfully rendered:

1. Hebrides Overture . . . . . *Mendelssohn*  
Misses Stewart and Harris.
2. { *a.* Butterfly . . . . . *Grieg*  
*b.* Rigaudon. . . . . *Grieg*  
*c.* Berceuse . . . . . *Chopin*  
Miss Hamlin.
3. Vocal Solo—*O mio Fernando* . . . . . *Donizetti*  
Miss Ethel Harris.
4. From Water Scenes . . . . . *Nevin*  
*a.* Barcarolle.  
*b.* Ophelia.  
*c.* Dragon-fly. Miss Eugenia Harris.
5. Violin Solo—Selected.  
Mr. Brockmann.
6. { *a.* Venetienne . . . . . *Godard*  
*b.* Mazurka. . . . . *St. Saens*  
*c.* Ricordati. . . . . *Gottschalk*  
Miss Stewart.
7. Recitation—“The Message” . . . . . *Adelaide Proctor*  
Music by *Blumenthal*.  
Miss Sharpe.
8. Spinning Song . . . . . *Wagner-Liszt*  
Miss Harris.

Commencement exercises proper began Thursday morning with a sermon by Rev. Dr. Robert Strange, a North Carolinian, whom we all love and whom his Church in the State has honored by electing him Bishop of Eastern Carolina. It is a pleasing memory that while he was uplifting the souls of our people here, in old St. James' Church in Wilmington, was progressing the balloting which made him Bishop, and which has called back to North Carolina her noble son from Richmond, Virginia, where he has for a few years been laboring as rector of St. Paul's.

The sermon was an admonition to the duty of thinking pure

thoughts. "What we think, we are" was the lesson taught. Dr. Strange spoke without manuscript or notes, consequently his sermon can not be published in our MAGAZINE which the editors much regret. The unanimous expression from those who heard it was, "I could listen to him indefinitely."

The Glee Club of the College assisted by a male quartette: Messrs. Hammel, Wheeler, Lawson and Duffy sang among others that exquisite selection, "The Heavens Are Telling."

From the Assembly Hall the large audience went almost in a body to the Students' Building to see the beautiful and interesting exhibits of the Dress-making and the Manual Training departments. These are new features of our Commencement and THE MAGAZINE predicts increasing interest each year in these products of the trained eye and hand.

The College and the State owe a debt to Mrs. Phillips, the head of the Domestic Art department, for the uplift which she has given to the usually prosaic labor of dress-making. She has proven to her pupils and to those who have seen her labor that the work which is usually done by the uncultured can be better done by the cultured woman and that we need in this as in every work the seeing eye and the trained mind as well as the nimble fingers. She has also taught her pupils that a woman may win her bread as a dress-maker and lose no whit of social prestige. A thing dear to every man and woman, however strong, however "superior."

Thursday afternoon in the Assembly Hall was presented the portrait of the late John Mills, father of orphans and of orphanages in North Carolina. The picture was presented by Mr. F. P. Hobgood, Jr., in behalf of the Masons of Greensboro to the College. Eulogies were pronounced upon the many men whose portraits adorn the walls of this institution.

Later the corner-stone of the new dormitory was laid with Masonic honors. The students walking in classes with their banners and showing the various class colors, the Faculty, the Trustees,

the Masons, in procession over the beautiful campus under the cloudless sky will long remain a pleasing picture with those who saw it. That fair May day will long be blessed as giving to us the promise of a resurrection of a noble building improved, enlarged, beautified—the brick dormitory—true not the same “old brick” which we all love even in its ashes, but the new home for thousands whose tiny feet are even now pressing on towards its walls, and for thousands more yet unborn, each one of whom may carry a blessing to homes all over our State and whose influence may spread infinitely.

On Thursday evening were read the four representative essays of the Senior Class. Mattie Dallas Williams, of Warren county, class president, conducted the exercises with grace and dignity. The essays and their authors were as follows:

Side Lights on the Physician's Life,

Florence E. Ledbetter, Guilford County.

Sing Your Merriest Songs . . . . . *De Koven*  
College Glee Club.

Architecture as the Expression of National Life and Character,

Tempe H. Dameron, Warren County.

College Orchestra.

The Passing of The Fire Place,

Evelyn P. Royall, Cumberland County.

Habenera From Carmen . . . . . *Bizet*  
Miss Ethel Harris and Glee Club.

Silent Forces in the Development of North Carolina,

Annie Belle Hoyle, Wake County.

To Florence Ledbetter was awarded the Whitsett prize for the best essay read on this occasion.

After the reading of the essays, a portrait of Hon. J. Y. Joyner was presented to the College by its Alumnae through their president, Emma Lewis Speight, of Edgecombe county. Her tribute to Mr. Joyner, the much loved teacher, the honored man, the able State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was glowing but not

over done since not one in that great audience but felt that words are poor in telling of the man who has never shirked a duty, who has never injured a fellow man, whose life has been and is being spent in the cause of service to God and man. President McIver accepted the gift and in loving words expressed his appreciation of the gift and of his co-laborer and his steadfast friend.

He also told in part the life story of the artist whose loving hand has made every portrait now in our College, the man, W. G. Randall, whose work adorns every public building of our State Capital, of many schools and colleges in our State, whose pictures are to be found in almost every State on the Atlantic seaboard, along the Gulf and in the far West. Of the many paintings in our College, he has given some, all he has given in part because of his love for the institution and for his native State. Dr. McIver justly said that no man whose portrait hangs on our walls will be remembered longer than the painter and patriot, W. G. Randall.

Friday morning brought a great audience to the College to hear our Governor Charles Brantley Aycock in what will be recalled as "a great speech," one sparkling with wit, bubbling with humour, inciting to patriotism, filled with truth. His theme was "A Trained Democracy." He preached the gospel of universal education, of giving to every child the opportunity to learn to do what God, through the child's bent, intends it to do.

The Magazine hopes to give it in this issue—to give the words rather—if the stenographers prove that they were able to catch and to fix on paper the torrent of eloquence which poured from his lips as silvery waters from an overflow fountain. Neither stenographer nor printer can reproduce the fine presence of the man, the expressive face, the ringing tones, the dramatic action, all of which helped to hold his hearers at his command.

Before Governor Aycock was introduced, Dr. McIver read the following report:

"The college year just closing has been a very eventful one, and in spite of several interruptions and the shortening of the college term nearly three weeks, the work of the students, all things considered, has never been more satisfactory.

"The enrollment of students in the college has been 539, the number of pupils in the practice school 353. The increase in the enrollment in the college department was due to the increase of the dormitory room with which we began the year's work.

"The year will be memorable in the life of the college for the following reasons:

"1. In the early fall the reunion of non-resident North Carolinians, in which the college participated prominently, was an event full of inspiration and patriotic suggestion to all North Carolinians who attended it.

"2. The opening of the lower floor of the students' building to the work of the manual training department and the domestic science departments has been a great step forward in the life of the college.

"3. The burning of the main dormitory building, erected in 1892, and added to from time to time until it accommodated 305 students, was a calamity with which all are familiar. For all of the great loss to the State, amounts to about \$100,000, and the individual losses to students, amounting to nearly \$30,000, there can be no adequate compensation; yet the educational effect of this calamity was striking. The self-possession of the faculty and students, their readiness to make all sorts of sacrifices for one another, and the promptness with which they adapted themselves to raw and rather difficult conditions were not only an evidence of good sense and good training and generous hearts, but the very passing through such a calamity gave power to all who met it bravely and triumphed over it.

"4. The donation of a library building by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in February of this year marks a new epoch in the literary life of the college.

"5. The alumnae of the college have raised \$2,500 for the loan

fund, which has been duplicated by the general education board, and thus \$5,000 has been added to that fund during the year.

"These have been the five events of the year of permanent and far-reaching interest, in addition to the regular substantial work and routine growth of the institution.

"The health of the college has been good. The reports from the workers it has sent into the State as teachers and as workers in other lines have been encouraging, and the demand for those trained at this college is still on the increase."

President McIver said that the Whitsett prize for the best essay read last night would be awarded to Miss Florence E. Ledbetter, of Guilford county, whose subject was "Side Light on the Physician's Life."

The committee making the award were Messrs. E. D. Broadhurst, Chas. L. Coon and G. A. Grimsley. The prize this year is a set of Ruskin's works, thirteen volumes.

The prize of \$25.00 offered by the Alumnae Association for the best essay on a subject giving original research on some phase of North Carolina history, was awarded to Miss Martha Wiswall, of Beaufort county. Her subject was "The Lost Colony Found."

Dr. McIver said that on account of the unavoidable delay of the committee in examining the essays of the three contestants, the announcement of the winner of the prize offered by Dr. C. Alphonzo Smith, of the faculty of the State University, for the best essay on "North Carolina in Fiction," would not be made to-day.

Dr. McIver stated that the gift of the class of 1904 to the college would be a beautiful picture to be placed in the new dormitory building.

The Glee Club sang "Awake, the Morning Breaks," and President McIver, before reading a list of the graduates and the subjects of their essays, said Miss Tempe H. Dameron, of Warren county, was entitled to special mention for the excellent record she has made during the four years as a student in the college, having never

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been absent nor tardy nor failing in any duty. The only other student ever making this record at the college, said Dr. McIver, was Miss Emma Harris, now Mrs. R. M. Davis, of Tarboro, who was a student seven or eight years ago.

The members of the class of 1904, and the subjects of their graduating essays are:

Things That Tell in a Girl's Life ..... Millie Archer, Orange Co.  
The Country Sunday School ..... Kate Barden, Duplin Co.  
The Mountain Public School Teacher ..... Maggie Burkett, Watauga Co.  
The Women's Association for the Betterment of Public  
School Houses in North Carolina ..... Marie Buys, Craven Co.  
Architecture as the Expression of National Life and  
Character ..... Tempe Dameron, Warren Co.  
Prison Life During the Civil War ..... Lettie Glass, Guilford Co.  
Education in North Carolina During the Colonial Period,  
Mabel Graeber, Cabarrus Co.  
Richmond M. Pearson ..... Julia Hamlin, Yadkin Co.  
Aristocracy in America ..... Berlie Adelle Harris, Guilford Co.  
The Relation of Music to Life ..... Eugenia Harris, Orange Co.  
Silent Forces in the Development of North Carolina,  
Annie Belle Hoyle, Wake Co.  
Agitation the Precursor of Progress ..... Maude Hoyle, Gaston Co.  
What the World's Fair Celebrates ..... Charlotte Ireland, Sampson Co.  
The Purpose of Manual Training in Our Public Schools,  
Marie Jones, Craven Co.  
A Plea for Art in the Public Schools of North Carolina,  
Anna Killian, Catawba Co.  
Side Lights on the Physician's Life ..... Florence Ledbetter, Guilford Co.  
Woman in the School Room ..... Anna Merritt, Person Co.  
Little Children of the Tenements ..... Katherine Staton Nash, Edgecombe Co.  
The Evolution of the American Highway ..... Swanna Pickett, Randolph Co.  
Woman—Her Past and Future ..... Elizabeth Rawls, Durham Co.  
The Passing of the Fireplace ..... Evelyn Royal, Cumberland Co.  
Great Philanthropists and Their Benefactions. Eugenia Satterwhite, Vance Co.  
Reform Schools for Criminal Children ..... Nathalie Smith, Halifax Co.  
The Early Religious and Artistic Significance of Dancing,  
May Stewart, Guilford Co.  
Brunswick of Ye Olden Time ..... Mattie Taylor, Brunswick Co.

President McIver made special mention of Miss Nettie Leete Parker, of Buncombe county, who graduated in the class of 1903, and took a course this year in manual training and is now trained to take charge of the manual training department of any school; also Miss Annie Hoyle, of Wake county, class of 1904, who made a specialty of music and who is well prepared to take charge of that line of work.

It was announced that the following were entitled to certificates of proficiency in stenography from the business department, of which Prof. E. J. Forney is the head:

Eighty words per minute from new dictated matter—Annie Bryant, Bessie Daniel, Annie D. Rabe.

One Hundred Words—Foy J. Lynn, Millie Archer, Carrie R. Bell, Mary Langdon Ayer, Louise C. Glass, Julia Hading, Maud E. Hoyle, Lois C. Kerley, Irene Lacy, Lillian Massey, Emma Schoolfield, Lelia A. Styron.

One Hundred and Twenty Words—Clara Jacobs, Mary E. Miller, Jessie E. Caldwell.

Bachelor of Arts—Christina M. Snyder, 1903, Newark, New York, "Some Contributions of Germany to Liberty."

Bachelor of Science--Susan Simms Battle, 1898, Edgecombe county, "What the Germans Have Done for Science;" Alice Goodridge Daniel, 1900, Granville county, "Visions," Auvila Lindsay, 1900, Rockingham county, "Life on the Dan."

The annual meeting of the Alumnae Association was held Friday afternoon. This was the close of a commencement which we all shall remember with satisfaction. Some of our visitors were: Mrs. Battle, Miss Bunn, Rocky Mount; Mr. and Mrs. Buys, Miss Ger-

trude Bryan, Miss Florrie King, Miss Ida Hankins, Miss Bessie Montgomery, Miss Mildred Davis, Wilmington; Miss Mary Arrington, Raleigh; Miss Lucile Foust, Winston; Miss Carrie Hardison, Mrs. and Miss Rawls, Durham; Mrs. Wells, Wilson; Miss Florida Morris, Fletcher; Miss Fannie Graeber, Burlington; Miss Myrther Wilson, Goldsboro; Alina Pittman, Whitaker; Mrs. Fearington, Winston; Mrs. Eugena Harris, Chapel Hill; Mrs. Ireland, Duplin; Mrs. Dameron, Mr. Bolton Williams, Warrenton; Miss Lucy Hawkins, Louisburg.

An event of much interest throughout the college was the marriage of one of the practice school faculty. Miss Annie Pittman and Dr. W. R. Hartsell, of Randleman, were married at the residence of Mr. C. G. Hampton, where Miss Pittman made her home, by Rev. J. E. Hartsell, father of the groom. The Magazine, in behalf of the Faculty and students, wishes all good things to "Miss Pittman" and her other half.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

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SADIE SCOTT DAVIS, '05.

One of the Sophomores wants to know who wrote the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

On United States History examination: "Who was Thomas Jefferson?" "Thomas Jefferson was an editor, he wrote and published the Declaration of Independence."

First Fresh.: "Why is this street called Walker Avenue?"

Second Fresh.: "Because it is walked over."

First Fresh.: "Well, why do you suppose that one is called McIver street?"

Second Fresh.: "Oh, because it is *never* walked over."

She, (at 12:30 P. M.): "Do you play ball?"

He: "Certainly."

She: "Well, make a home run then."

Sophomore B.: "Have you read Wilkie Collin?"

Junior P.: "No, who wrote it?"

In the Practice School:

Practice School Pupil: "Who was John Bull, Miss B?"

Miss B: "He was one of the King's advisors."

Practice School Teacher: "Spell 'spinster,' Jimmy, and tell me what it means."

Jimmy: "'S-p-i-n-s-t-e-r,' spinster, one who spins."

Teacher: "Give me an abstract noun developed from an adjective."

Pupil: "Happiness, developed from happy."

Teacher: "Good, now one from a noun."

Pupil: "Cow, developed from calf."

## A LITERARY TETE-A-TETE.

A very fresh couple on a sofa sat,  
From other things their conversation having turned,  
Of Literature now they begin to chat,  
They spoke of writers, great and learned,  
"Have you ever read 'Romeo and Juliet?'"  
Gazing into his eyes, asked this young coquette.  
"Ah! let me see what I have read;"  
Then with an important air he said,  
"Scott's Emulsion—Works of Holly Bibble,  
Yes, though I almost forget,  
I am *sure* I've read 'Romeo' but not 'Juliet.'"

LILY WALL, '07.

## A SCHOOL GIRL'S FANCY.

She walked in the depths of the forest  
With her notebook and pencil in hand;  
'Twas a girl of the State Normal College,  
The best school in all the Southland.  
Her brow it was troubled and cloudy,  
Her footsteps were weary and slow.  
She threw herself down by an oak tree,  
And thus she gave vent to her woe:  
"Oh, why should I trouble and worry  
To learn all this Latin and Trig.  
I may work till I lose my five senses,  
And the teachers, they don't care a fig.  
"No matter how hard I may study,  
There's always one thing I don't know;  
And this thing is sure to be asked me,  
So down on the books the fines go.  
"Why don't they sit down and explain it?  
I'm sure that is why they are here.  
But instead, if we miss the least question  
They *saw* us with language severe."  
And as she was speaking thus sadly,  
A strange sight appeared to her eyes;  
The green trees and bushes before her  
Appeared as a palace to rise.

And from it she saw coming towards her  
A dwarf in the queerest of clothes.  
He was dressed in torn leaves from her text books,  
From his head to the tips of his toes.  
He came up and sat down beside her,  
And spoke in soft accents, and kind :  
" 'Tis truth that you speak of your teachers ;  
These things to my sorrow I find.  
"They sympathise not with the students,  
Nor help them be happy and gay,  
But always they're trying to urge them  
To work harder day after day.  
"Perhaps at some time 'twill be diff'rent  
Let us hope that the time is now near  
When love and compassion unite you,  
And your teachers no longer you fear.  
"When you're feeling discouraged and weary  
Just come and sit under this tree,  
And I'll always come out here and help you  
Though my presence you'll not always see."  
And taking a leaf from his waistcoat,  
Her Latin for next day he read ;  
And her "Trig" he then quickly explained her  
From the cap on the top of his head.  
Then heard they the bell at the college,  
And he faded away in the green.  
She rose up and looked at her note book,  
And thought, "It was only a dream."

"NAUGHTY FIVE."

#### STATE NORMAL COLLEGE YELL.

Whoop a la, rah !  
Whoop a la rate !  
We are the girls  
Of the Old North State !  
Whoop a la whoop !  
With all our might !  
State Normal College !  
Gold and white !

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